Accentuate the Negative

Chronicles of Culture

Volume 3, Number 1 January/February 1979

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contents

4 Editor's Comment — Leopold Tyrmand

5 *Philosophy in America*

Opinions & Views

6 Selling Darkness & Blood — Edward J. Walsh
—Peter Collier: *Downriver*

8 About the War and the Camps — Leo F. Raditsa
—Milovan Djilas: *Wartime*
J. K. Zawodny: *Nothing but Honour*
Abram Tertz: *A Voice from the Chorus*
Robert Conquest: *Kolyma*

13 Pensioners' Power — Harold C. Gordon
—Jeremy Rifkin and Randy Barber: *The North Will Rise Again*

15 Exposing Virulent Lies — David Pietrusza
—Diane Ravitch: *The Revisionists Revised*

17 Harvard's *Dégringolade* — Walter Trohan
—John LeBoutillier: *Harvard Hates America*

Commendables

18 On Frost's Legacy: *Frost: Centennial Essays III*

19 Walker's Probity: *Days Demanding Courage*
Bruccoli's Quest: *Just Representations: A James Gould Cozzens Reader*
Tolstoy's Reminder: *The Secret Betrayal*

In Focus

20 Against Abortion — James M. Purcell
—Richard L. Ganz: *Thou Shalt Not Kill*
Matthiessen's High Altitude Meditation: *The Snow Leopard*

Waste of Money

20 Puzo's Effluvium: *Fools Die*

21 Poster's Love Objects: *Critical Theory of the Family*

Screen

21 Con Artistry—and Felony as Suffering — Eric Shapearo
—*A Wedding*
—*Midnight Express*

Stage

22 Entertainment as Cautionary Tale
—Noel Coward: *Present Laughter*
—*Ain't Misbehavin'*

The American Scene

23 Ethics & Public Policy—The China Love Story

24 The 1978 Midterm Election, or the Tale of the Broken Watch—Bishop Berkeley Sends His Best . . .

26 Clockwork Orange Is Here—More Politics

27 A Voice We Respect

Journalism

27 Personal Press (Continued)

28 *Time's* Dementia Sensationalis
Gannett News Service's Pearls of Wisdom
Parade's Moral Taste

Liberal Culture

29 The Libcultural Madness—"Life Is The Urge to Ecstasy"

30 *New York's* Literary Criticism—What Happened to Personal Cleanliness Among College Students—Smart!

Polemics & Exchanges

30 On *The Psychological Society*
—An Encore — Tom Bethell

Vol. 1, No. 1, September 1977
The Feminine Novel of the Seventies

Vol. 1, No. 2, November 1977
The Literary Season of Venom and Muddle in America

Vol. 2, No. 1, January/February 1978
Nabokov Remembered

Vol. 2, No. 2, March/April 1978
The Cult of Deficient Thinking

Vol. 2, No. 3, May/June 1978
That's Entertainment

Vol. 2, No. 4, July/August 1978
Critical Choices

Vol. 2, No. 5, September/October 1978
The Midyear Harvest

Vol. 2, No. 6, November/December 1978
Press, Economy & Other Woes

Tyrmand: Comment; Kolson on Ephron (*Scribble Scribble*); van den Haag on Gross and Szasz (*The Psychological Society* and *The Myth of Psychotherapy*); Gottfried on Ellul (*The Betrayal of the West*); Maloney on Kristol (*Two Cheers for Capitalism*); St. John on Wicker (*On Press*); Carson on Simon (*A Time for Truth*); Commendables; In Focus; Waste of Money; Stage; Screen; The American Scene; Journalism; Liberal Culture; Polemics & Exchanges.

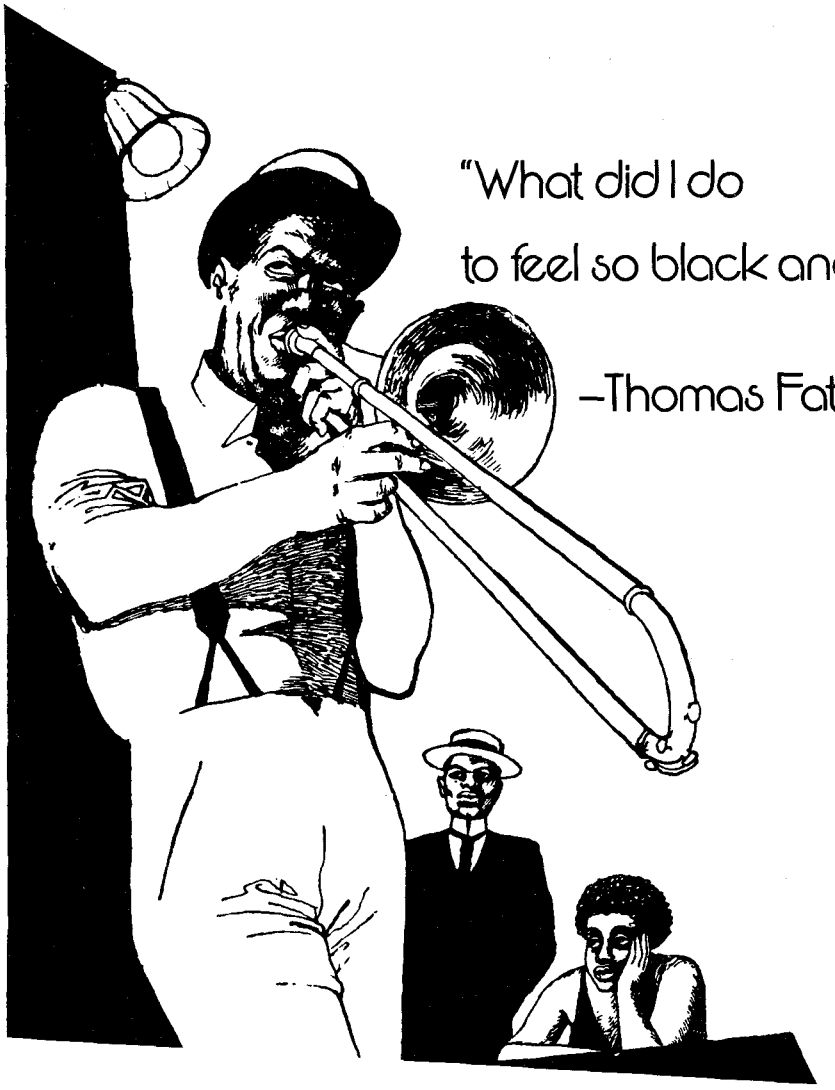
Due to the Midwest's recent weather conditions, this issue of *Chronicles of Culture* appears later than scheduled.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chronicles of Culture

Volume 3, Number 1 January/February 1979

Accentuate the Negative



Chronicles of Culture is published bimonthly by the Rockford College Institute, 5050 East State Street, Rockford, Illinois, 61101; Director: John Howard; Editor: Leopold Tyrmand; Publishing Manager: Richard A. Vaughan; Editorial Assistant: Nancy Mohrbacher; Editorial Secretary: Becki Klute; Printed by Wilson-Hall Co.; Cover: original drawing by Tom Heflin; Vignette: from the "Harlem Renaissance" series by Jerzy Skarzynski. *With Harry Brooks and Andy Razaf, © 1929 by Mills Music, Inc. Copyright renewed. Controlled in the U.S.A. by Chappel & Co., Inc. (Intersong Music Publisher) and Mills Music, Inc. International Copyright secured. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Used by permission.

ISSN: 0163-1187

The opinions expressed in the publications of the Rockford College Institute do not necessarily reflect the policies or judgments of Rockford College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editor's Comment

We have completed the first full year of the *Chronicles of Culture* and it's time for a bit of summing up and soul-searching.

We are most often accused of two venial sins: liberal-baiting and negativism. Of course, both charges have the common rockbottom. We concentrate on Liberal Culture because it is the reigning sociocultural sovereign whose wisdom and morality we question and challenge. Caring for values of intellect and literary excellence, we unfortunately have little to point out as satisfactory answers to the lib-cultural dominance. Whenever we run across them in fiction, arts or humanities, we praise them to the skies. However, as there are not enough of them of the quality we would wholeheartedly approve, we are often accused of sounding negative by our own brethren in *Weltanschauung.*

This, certainly, is a comedy of errors. We need not go back to Roger Williams to try to explain negativism and give it a fair and reasonable interpretation. What happened in the '50s will do. It was a time of economic prosperity in America, not unmarred, but serene, social moods, slow but steady progress of American humanitarianism, steady improvements in civil rights at home, and of American moral authority abroad. Liberals, especially their radical variation, did not like it at all. Through complicated sociocultural processes, they succeeded in instilling in a good part of the enlightened strata a feeling of distrust and contempt for the social truce, for the healthy, if simplistic, anticommunism and anticollectivism of the masses, for the sentiments of satisfaction with the well-justified patriotism. They began to negate the American values. They went victoriously into the '60s and declared America, as Americans knew her, an abyss of dimwitted complacency, a plastic wasteland of moral stupor and ticky-tacky existence. This was negativism at its best (or worst). It started the bizarre belly dancing of the American liberal intellectual, which has continued for roughly a quarter of a century to the point of negativistic irrationalism. The tradition of Western civilization holds that there is nothing wrong with the critique of one's society or country, provided we all stick to some criteria of reasonableness and normalcy. The rest of the world saw in America a better reality; the liberal radicals saw in it a worse reality —such a discrepancy has produced a glut of stale lies, useless but rabid moral clichés and social pseudoremedies. Once they became institutionalized by the Liberal Culture and its media, a movement toward their exposure and purification was inevitable. And it's here where our negativism comes in: we feel compelled to negate the pernicious negation of America.

From today's perspective, we clearly see how the manic rage against America—its ethos and food and traditions and purpose—became a viral disease of both the nation's body and soul. The fashion of branding as corruption and vice anything the neurotic mind of a liberal abhorred turned into an affliction of the everyday process of living. When all primary truths became twisted by the grossly subjectivist perceptions of liberal writers, gurus, theorists, *et alii,* who, in addition, knew how to turn their hatred of America into a most profitable profession, the wholesome vectors of society were quickly obliterated. One could see protesters who fiercely demanded the right to protest while they, without bar or hindrance, shouted their protests in the streets in broad daylight; this was conceived as and called an act of noble liberation by the collective liberal mind, which amounts to the same level of brain power as calling a tree a bird. However, the media at large, faithful to their liberalism, sustained such a falsification of the reality. It left us with no choice but to negate such "truth" and "fact" and "reality," and prodded us to sift through the ravages of the torn fabric of American common sense, normalcy, and understanding of the basics of being. It is, perhaps, why now, when we openly reject a lie, we are reproached for being obsessed with negativism by those who still, by the end of the '70s, feel more comfortable with glittering liberal and radical fantasies than with the decency of unassailable and factual evidence.

To try to trace the enmity between their negativism and our negation of it, we would have to chart the interplay between the liberal worldview and ours, and outline the points which induce us to firm resistance and rejection. Let's take spiritual fairness. We have never accused the liberals of evil intentions, only of intellectual error which leads to distorted moral judgment. The danger of the Liberal Culture is especially poignant for us. This cultural pattern maximizes the camouflaged totalitarianism inherent in the liberal persuasion; as touted from every page of the liberal press, it denies moral legitimacy, or even positiveness, to any of our ideological attitudes. Our economic beliefs are decried as rooted in greed, our social and moral philosophy is, to a liberal, a product of antihuman alienation, thus condemnable in advance without hearing and in every possible respect. The foundation of liberal individualism is the faith in the perfectability of man—a high-minded presumption but nevertheless disputable; this blind trust gives the American liberal a peculiar odor of liberal saintliness, frantically diffused by the media all over America throughout the last half a century. A liberal believes that evil is automatically accumulated by tradition, stability and the mere history of social relations; anyone who attempts to contradict this fallacy is branded an enemy. We do not consider ourselves enemies of liberals, we only negate their patterns of thinking—and this is enough for liberals to see us as enemies. Curiously enough, some people of good will and intelligence, who perceive the liberal self-deception, still do not consider our exposure of this deception a help to our fellow man, but an unbecoming, aggressive negativism. Why?

Though the liberals sincerely oppose communism and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the political totalitarianism of the left, they somehow, oddly, see in it not evil, but aberration. But they do perceive wickedness and horror in the totalitarian movements of the right. We do not quarrel with that, but we must vehemently reject the special moral tariff accorded the ideological thugs and hoodlums whom the marxian sacraments exempt, in the eyes of a liberal, from moral proscription. However, if politics and economy still serve as a meeting ground where our rejection has a chance to hold its own against their negation—in culture, the liberal has become a menace. He operates with impunity as an unmasked totalitarian and a supra-negativist, one who has managed, in the space of two decades, to destroy the entire universe of ethical restraints and behavioral conventions by which the Western civilization has lived and thrived for two millenia. But the liberal not only eliminates rationality and rectitude from the cultural ebb and tide, he also insists that accentuating the negative has a salutary and auspicious value. Value-free mass culture, the Liberal Culture's end goal, like value-free pop culture, mass education and mass art, is a contradiction in terms. Value-free art has always existed, but by definition it must be exclusive and hermetic, an ivory tower probe into artistic dimensions devoid of social significance. Once this principle is transgressed, havoc is wrought upon individual lives and societies. What's popular must be value-oriented not only to be art, but chiefly to perform the one and only acceptable *social* function of art, culture, education. This, a liberal negates, and we most solemnly negate his negation.

We have also been chided by some readers for our preoccupation with what we call the liberal establishment, and to which we ascribe a lot of nasty habits. But we stand by our notion, and here it is fitting to say that it is exactly that liberal establishment which enforces the circumstances described above, and imposes them on America. Let's try to clarify this point.

Our critics maintain that by speaking of an establishment we imply a sort of conspiracy, which is a construct of our imagination. But is it really so? When we speak of *an* establishment, we imply the existence of others, for only in democracies do they exist; in a totalitarian country, there's only *one* establishment, and that's it. In America, we have many establishments, among them the liberal establishment that rules the culture. However, when the banking establishment is attacked, the attackers rarely suggest conspiracy; the alleged sins of bankers are too visible for their detractors to sniff a plot. Neither do we suggest that the liberal establishment runs the American culture by means of conspiratorial cabals and tricks, by tight organizational methods and orders issued from an anonymous center of decision. We recognize that the liberal establishment is simply using the oldest, most reliable and lethal tool of oppression which has always been used by reigning establishments to operate the mechanism of control—namely fashion. It's the terrorism of fashionable ideas that gives the liberal establishment its power. We most forcefully negate this sway and will do whatever we can to assist our readers in comprehending this establishment and join in its condemnation. As long as liberals make careers of negating what is good and propitious, for that long will we be negating their negativism in order to bring about a new sense of affirmation.

—*Leopold Tyrmand*

Philosophy in America

"O philosophy, thou guide of life, O thou explorer of virtue and expeller of vice!"
—Cicero, 45 B.C.

Someone by the name of W. W. Bartley, III, whose publisher calls him a "noted philosopher," and whom a Princeton professor of philosophy calls a "historian of ideas," wrote a biography of Werner Erhard—a human potential movement entrepreneur and a notable psychotherapeutical operator. Mr. Erhard, a practitioner of drillmaster psychology, whose demands on his disciples make a Marine sergeant look like an effete Hamlet, is also considered a philosopher by Mr. Dick Gregory, a comedian, John Denver, a rock singer, Dr. Lilly, from the Human/Dolphin Foundation, Valerie Harper of *Rhoda,* TV's fountain of intelligence, and, first and foremost, by himself. *Time,* excerpting one of his speeches, brings proof to it:

> "Nothing is going to enlighten you. What will enlighten you is nothing . . ."
>
> "When you're willing to take the circumstances you've got and come from that, then you're enlightened. You come from enlightenment. Enlightenment isn't a process. It happens outside of time. The process happens in time. In fact, it might be time. Enlightenment happens."

Mr. Erhard has shed his good name of Rosenberg in exchange for his crisp Teutonic sobriquet; he apparently wished to stress his solidarity with the military style of dealing with human personality. Which has something to do with ethics, a part of philosophy since the time of the Greeks, a term Mr. Erhard might have heard, although there is little evidence that he has. Besides, how can anything but a Prussian drill instill such philosophical subtleties in human brains, even those so softened, docile and mushy as those of Manhattan libcultists. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Selling Darkness & Blood

Peter Collier: *Downriver;* Holt, Rinehart & Winston; New York.

by Edward J. Walsh

In this, an age of cultural brutality and obscenity, brutal and obscene literature becomes numbingly routine, much like the bleak rows of motion picture marquees along New York's 42nd Street from Seventh Avenue to Times Square. But occasionally one display is so singularly vile that it forges new definitions of crudity—especially if it pretends at dignity or intelligence. The same law is proven true with the publication of Peter Collier's *Downriver.*

This is a book that evokes genuine rage at its obsession with all that is base and ignoble. Then, too, it evokes expressions of confusion, wonderment, and finally, deep depression that the house of Holt, Rinehart & Winston has found a fathomable reason for publishing it. Even after plumbing the depths of Collier's preoccupation with rape, masturbation, drunkenness, orgiastic sex, and ritual murder, his story is so screamingly dull that one must truly muse on Holt's marketing sense. For that, a clue may be the critical commentary on the dust cover, which is all acclaim for Collier's other book, a work of nonfiction entitled *The Rockefellers,* written in collaboration with someone else, who I admit to not knowing. For a reminder that many a mediocre writer has gained lifelong but undeserved access to publishing circles with a first publishable work, we may recall Hemingway's observation that once-good writers must keep up their establishments and their wives, and for that they write slop.

Collier's protagonist is Cabell Hart, the descendant of a good man gone bad. His grandfather killed a respected citizen in Deadwood, South Dakota back in cowboy days, and the grandfather's curse of enduring shame is passed down to our modern day Cabell. The sordidness of the murder pervades the lives of his family, who die terrible deaths. The book opens with the gruesome rape-murder of his sister, whose young son, Joey, is always present somewhere in the dim rear echelon of Cabell's consciousness, a clumsy symbol of innocence, but no less vengeful than his great-grandfather, or his uncle.

It is at first hard to follow Collier's story; it is such a mishmash of stream-of-consciousness, reminiscences, and plain bad writing. He throws in a paraphrase or two of Gerard Manley Hopkins, straining for respectability, and later, several of Hamlet. "He conned a rap on Shakespeare" is an example of Collier's refined phraseology. There are others.

But quickly, the story is that Cabell Hart is to avenge the death of his sister. Her murder is to be seen as historically analogous to some obscure swindle of his grandfather by the original Hart's victim. Indeed, the focal point of the novel is the isolation in the starkest relief of the link between the two crimes against the Hart family, one hundred years apart. Collier's aim is the resolution of the primordial cry, "You have done cheated me!"

So the book is about vengeance: total, savage, obscene. There is some thematic poking at the historic legacy of the American West, which Collier sees as nothing but a brutal war for survival. One hopes in vain for the appropriate tone of pathos and poignancy when Hart's dying father makes a last trip from his Los Angeles home to the Plains country of his childhood. Truly, this would be material for a sympathetic novel or short story, for the father is the sole character of any interest in the book. But this, too, is abused by Collier, who caps it with a putrid scene of his hero Cabell's drunken encounter with an acned whore in a sleazy Idaho town. Indeed, the author seems to taunt his readers with the depravity of it all.

Cabell Hart is an anti-hero; he is incapable of a single independent act throughout the bulk of the novel. He is led by a stereotyped black power radical and a nymphomaniacal Weatherperson into a hackneyed left-wing San Francisco commune during the Vietnam years, where only the most insipid revolutionary drivel is spoken, for endless pages. This is a vehicle for a 1960s-vintage father-son confrontation, intended, perhaps, to enhance the maudlin melodrama of the father's death of cancer. But the punctilious details of his death, every pustule bursting, shatter

"This unusually fine first novel . . . tells a strong, moving family story . . ."
—*Publishers Weekly*

"A granitic saga about the generations of an American family . . . almost biblical in its fierce intensity."
—*Chicago Tribune Book World*

"*Downriver* by Peter Collier, a first novel, brilliantly conceived, beautifully written, is nothing less than superb . . . Mighty refreshing, as Cabell Hart's father might say, to see humanity getting a good press for once."
—*New York Times Book Review*

Mr. Walsh, an officer of the U.S. Industrial Council, is a student of the contemporary literary scene.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the possibility of any subtle blending of emotions, and leave the reader again sickened and bored.

The upshot, then, is that Cabell Hart is alone in the world, but for his sister Charley, who has moved to the Northern California town of Halcyon to begin her life anew with her illegitimate son, who suffers from a clubfoot, his share of the Hart family inheritance. After traveling there and learning of her death, Cabell discovers a "cover-up" of the true circumstances of it, which of course reminds him of Watergate. The local police chief is one of the killers, who tries to put him away by tossing him into the same wilderness river that consumed his sister. He survives, and, after a seance with his grandfather's ghost in the forest, returns to Halcyon, slaughters two of the killers, rescues Joey from cruel foster parents and disappears in the bloody tussle with the third murderer. His revenge, and the novel, are complete.

Collier is apparently trying to pander to several audiences: those who seek titillation in tawdry sex and violence, and those who want it justified by a preachy, pseudocultural or pusillanimously intellectual message. A movie of a few years ago, *The Wild Bunch,* did likewise, and received fulsome praise, while the gratuitous gore flooded the sensibilities of its audience. Collier heightens the pitch of prurience; his Cabell Hart is at times a professor of Shakespeare and a peace marcher, but is in essence a hateful, piggish sensualist, moved by his instincts and no more. Yet he is somehow considered by the author to be a character of intense interest for his nihilistic spasms of violence.

It is a great shame, made worse by Collier's gimmickry, which includes injecting the grandfather's ghost as a character in an otherwise coldly realistic plot, and using a different typeface for the chapters in which the son, Joey, is a first person narrator. The novel opens in such a manner casting the reader *in medias res,* and then flashes to Cabell's musings on the impending death of his father. Such false literary tools are shortcuts to drama, and are not used by writers who can achieve it with straightforward narration and character development.

But the worst of it is the phoniness of it all. Today, when interest in family heritages and family lineages is at a peak, the author clutches for such a theme, albeit in the blackest sense, by dwelling tiresomely on the history and cultural roots of the Hart family.

No doubt it will sell well, as all such books do, for it seems there is a fertile market for printed trash disguised as "magnetic" and "powerful." Powerful it is, in its impact on the senses, an impact that inures the senses to the degradation of humanity. Not a single one of Collier's characters embodies any humane emotion or idea; rather, they are grotesqueries, stiff, hollow caricatures that remind the reader only of the violence, nihilism, and carnality of the lives of men and women whose values are measured by the cultural winds of the late sixties and early seventies. The father's visit to the Old West is supposed to evoke a sort of heart-rending nostalgia for a time when such things as home and family ties meant something, but becomes instead a mockery of them. Collier is obsessed with death, the death of the body and the spirit, and his book, brimming with violence, is elevated to the level of "mysticism" by the Book of the Month Club News.

The mysticism of *Downriver* is satanic, affirming the depth and breadth of hell, which may well be California in the late nineteen seventies. But Holt, Rinehart & Winston did not look at it that way. No doubt, they saw something that fit a niche in the marketplace, for readers who have just finished Sara Davidson's *Loose Change* and Betty Ford's autobiography. The picture-books of the Peoples Temple in Guyana will certainly be next.

But one is forced to wonder: if the death of the soul has proven so popular with publishers, why has Solzhenitsyn sold so many copies? Certainly, there is an impulse flickering in America, that flares up brightly and wholesomely when the timelessness of the life of the spirit, which Solzhenitsyn wrote about, is reaffirmed. It's to be hoped, fervently, that Peter Collier's dark and bloody writing is only another choked spasm of booksellers' baser instincts; hoped that it will someday go away. □

Books in the Mail

Christianity and the Survival of the West by Revilo P. Oliver; Howard Allen Enterprises; Cape Canaveral, Florida. A comment on the causes and effects of Christianity's decline in the West.

Why Civilizations Self-Destruct by Elmer Pendell; Howard Allen Enterprises; Cape Canaveral, Florida. On the role of intelligence in the formation and destruction of civilizations.

Exploding the Energy Shortage Myth by Eric N. Skousen and John B. Tenney; Ensign Publishing Company; Provo, Utah. An examination of possible energy sources and the popular notion of an energy crisis.

The Imperialist Revolutionaries: Trends in World Communism in the 1960s and 1970s by Hugh Seton-Watson; Hoover Institution Press; Stanford, California. On the state of communism in the world today.

South Africa: War, Revolution, or Peace by L. H. Gann and Peter Duignan; Hoover Institution Press; Stanford, California. A monograph on conditions in South Africa and their possible consequences.

Tax Limitation, Inflation and the Role of Government by Milton Friedman; The Fisher Institute; Dallas, Texas. Reprints of several of Dr. Friedman's talks and articles.

The Revolutionary Mission of Modern Art: or Crud and Other Essays on Art by Margaret E. Stucki; Birds' Meadow Publishing Co., Inc.; Cape Canaveral, Florida. On the implications of practices in contemporary art.

Freedom in the World: Political Rights and Civil Liberties 1978 by Raymond D. Gastil; Freedom House; New York, New York. A systematic evaluation of each country's political rights and civil liberties.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

About the War and the Camps

Milovan Djilas: *Wartime;* translated by Michael B. Petrovich; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; New York and London.

J. K. Zawodny: *Nothing but Honour: The Story of the Warsaw Uprising, 1944;* Hoover Institution Press; Stanford, California.

Abram Tertz (Andrei Sinyavsky): *A Voice from the Chorus;* translated by Kyril Fitzlyon and Max Hayward; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; New York.

Robert Conquest: *Kolyma: The Arctic Death Camps;* Viking Press; New York.

by Leo F. Raditsa

These four books teach seriousness and courage. No one who reads them with any care can look upon the world—and also his world—with quite the same eyes, rather with quite the same illusions. They teach soberness—and they teach without meaning to—which is the way history teaches.

In order to tell the war in Yugoslavia from 1941 to 1945, Djilas has to look at himself, which says something about him and the kind of war he fought. He begins by stating that it is harder to give an account of the past actions than to act. This sentence would be classic, if it were generally true. Djilas' account of the various guerrilla wars in Yugoslavia and the fighting against the Germans and the Italians is not a history, but a reliving of what he saw and did and the reasons he gave himself then and his understanding now. But for the most part his understanding now is not more profound than his rationalizations then—except that now he does not believe the reasons he gave then. But he will not admit it.

For instance, although Djilas and his fellow leaders needed communist ideology to hold themselves together and to act, it is clear from his narrative that much of the strength of resistance among the guerrillas and in the population sprang not from ideology but from love of country, honour and independence. Djilas hints at this and at the same time tries to talk himself out of it—again with reasons he used with himself during the war. But two crucial extemporaneous speeches, he recalls, show that when he led men he addressed them in the language of courage and honour, not in the marxist-leninist ideology which sustained him.

Djilas speaks of the "insane grandeur" of the events which he was in—and it is evident that the memory of them overwhelmed him in the writing. He gives the impression of a man trapped in his past, in the most difficult part of his past, when he killed and was ready to be killed—and counted on nobody but himself and the party. There is little here I can call courage: party members who surrendered and returned were executed. There is a sense throughout the narrative never expressed that a man who has done the things Djilas did while living with an ideology which denied good and evil, as well as innocence, can never return. At most he can remember. Unlike Solzhenitsyn, who began to suspect he had been something else as well as a soldier when he was arrested on the Prussian front in 1945, Djilas does not—perhaps he cannot—whisper the dreadful question to himself, "Were we after all right, entirely right?" To fight, to die, to murder yet not to be a hero—that is the story he tells, and to some extent—but only to *some* extent—it is the story of the whole Second World War and explains why it has not led to peace but to another war, more pitiless, more all-involving than the last, more deadly but less obviously so. There is nothing reassuring in this narrative, that is the closest it comes to nobility:

> "Killing is a function of war and revolution. Or could it be the other way around?"

Djilas' narrative raises a historical question it never answers. Did the communist guerrillas in Yugoslavia fight the war against the Germans and the Italians because they saw it as an occasion for seizing power in civil war ("revolution")?

Because he does not face this question he does not understand all the consequences of the war he fought. He understands the readiness of the communists in Yugoslavia to fight on their own (and in ideological dependence on Moscow) made it possible to stand up to Stalin in 1948. But he does not grasp the connection between the kind of war he fought and his fall from power a few years later. But it is just his expulsion from the party in 1955 and his first imprisonment in 1956 which answers the question. For with the refusal of the Communist Party in Yugoslavia to allow any opposition—shown in the arrest of Djilas—and to risk the loss of power in elections, it became clear that the war against the Germans and the Italians had been subordinate to the civil war, that the lust for power (rather than the ambition for elected office) and the guilt that comes with it had predominated over the love of country.

Because he does not face these questions, Djilas writes autobiography, not history. He understands the war not politically, but in terms of what it did to him. He is constantly aware of himself. He never lost himself entirely to the world because of ideology and the fighting. Something in him held back, told him what he said and thought he thought—and still thinks he thinks—

Dr. Leo Ferrero Raditsa is a historian who teaches at St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was not so. In the midst of battle or just before it he can behold the mountains, or the glowing slowness of light in the early dawn, with the eyes of the newborn. In one terrible moment he looks upon a scene of unheard-of beauty and knows in his head it is beautiful but cannot feel it in his breast and guts: he knows himself to have become the man who will not see because he does not feel. He sounds like a man reporting his own death.

But after bringing his inner hardness out, the war softened him.

> "Then, unobtrusively yet insistently, various thoughts came to my mind concerning the Germans, the Partisans, and ideology. Why were doctors from Berlin and professors from Heidelberg killing off Balkan peasants and students in these ravines? Hatred for Communism was not sufficient. Some other terrible and implacable force was driving them to insane death and shame. And driving us, too, to resist them and pay them back . . . This passion, this endurance which lost sight of suffering and death, this struggle for one's manhood and nationality in the face of one's own death . . . this had nothing to do with ideology or with Marx and Lenin. When the sun rose, I suppressed these abysmal thoughts, for I sensed how destructive they were for the ideas and organization to which I had given myself. But I never forgot those thoughts . . ."

The war broke through his ideological "assurance," put him in touch with the profundity he yearned for but dared not touch—for which ideology had done as a substitute. And yet in the narrative he misses his earlier harshness, the days when he barked orders—and there were no questions. The struggle of this book is all between this harshness and this softness. He remarks of a vision of Christ he had at the worst moment of his war:

> "Thus I include it in this work, though my atheism and the dogmatic purity of the revolution suffer for it."

* * *

Zawodny's book, *Nothing but Honour,* is about the uprising of the Polish Home Army against the Germans at the moment when the Red Army had reached the outskirts of Warsaw in August 1944—an event crucial to understanding the world that has come after. Like Djilas, Zawodny witnessed the events he describes. But his relation to these events and to his former self is different. Djilas will not rid himself of his memories: they haunt him like the dreams of Chagall, allowing him neither wakefulness nor sleep. Zawodny, in contrast, writes *almost* as if he had not fought in Warsaw. He keeps his distance—the distance of the American University Professor he has become—because he desires to write history, not memoirs. And he succeeds in the beginnings of historical understanding, that is in understanding the Warsaw uprising not only in terms of himself, but in terms of all sides who fought in it. Zawodny keeps his distance because he has difficulty living with his former courage. Unlike Djilas he has no doubts about its genuineness: he still breathes living anger at Home Army soldiers who shot at him in error. In fact, his courage troubles him, even embarrasses him:

> "The soldiers' (of the Home Army) endurance seemed to be coming from psychic energy, a resource that cannot be empirically verified and defies statistical analysis."

Like many of the Home Army soldiers who lived through the uprising, Zawodny wonders whether their courage was misplaced because it did not come to victory. In part his book springs from these doubts—which tell more about our present embarrassment with courage than the past.

In Poland, unlike Yugoslavia, civil war did not come with resistance to the Germans—but after the conquest of the Red Army. The Home Army, which numbered about three hundred eighty thousand in all Poland at the time of the uprising and forty thousand within Warsaw, was anticommunist and largely democratic. It fought for democracy clearly defined as the rule of law, suffrage, freedom of the press and religion, an elected government with the possibility of an alternative, that is, with an opposition which could challenge it in Parliament and elections. It wanted to have diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union without submitting to its ideologies. During the uprising the Home Army command in Warsaw cooperated with the about two thousand local communist fighters even though it was aware that the Red Army and the Polish communists from Moscow—which the Soviets brought with them—arrested the Home Army soldiers they encountered.

There are many questions, however, about the Warsaw uprising. It is not clear who gave the order for it—the London government or the command in Warsaw. Despite extensive preparations, the soldiers of the Home Army were appallingly underarmed: there was approximately one gun to every twenty soldiers—and not much ammunition. Although Great Britain and the United States had made it clear they could not help an uprising, the London government of Poland did not communicate this to the Home Army command in Warsaw. Also, in the middle of August a crucial sentence allowing the commander in Warsaw to surrender was left out in transmission from London.

The commander of the Home Army, Bor-Komorowski, probably harboured few illusions about the odds against the uprising, but he counted on swiftness. Although he did not inform it officially of the uprising, he expected the intervention of the Red Army which had arrived on the Vistula towards the end of July. The Soviet radio urged the Poles to rise up—and implied that anything else would amount to collaboration with the Nazis. Komorowski understood that the Red Army had to be met by representatives of the Polish people if there

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was to be any hope of an independent Poland. People understood that they had to do something for themselves, if the international promise of the independence of Poland was to have any bite. But something deeper than political consideration showed itself in the fighting—something much like the experience Djilas describes but without his guilt: the insurgents themselves did not expect the strength that came over them in the sixty-three days they fought twenty-one thousand German troops. Just this heroism which surprised everybody, including the insurgents, put Great Britain and the United States on the spot.

Zawodny argues the final decisions about Poland were already made in a secret meeting between Stalin and Roosevelt at Tehran in December, 1943. In fact, all through 1944 Poland was much on Churchill's and Great Britain's mind. The discussions between Churchill and Roosevelt and the London government and their negotiations with Stalin about Poland all through 1944 and in early 1945 at Yalta are as important as the story of fighting in the streets of Warsaw. Zawodny's tendency to treat the Warsaw uprising not as a part of the history of Europe but as local history, and his awkwardness in living with his own former courage, comes because he does not seek to understand why the courage in Warsaw came to nothing in the negotiations.

The story of the international negotiations is more painful and shameful—because it tells of the greater difficulty and greater rarity of courage in negotiation, especially in dealings among friends (between Churchill and Roosevelt), than in battle. For had Churchill been able to get through to Roosevelt, Great Britain and the United States would have been able to cope with Stalin. Churchill did not fool himself about the significance of events in Warsaw. He knew and frequently said that what became of Poland would decide the peace. He wanted to restore an international system of legitimate governments—without, however, speaking of either legitimacy or restoration—which explains his failure.

Churchill wanted immediately to come to the aid of the insurgents, but Stalin refused landing rights to American and British planes on Soviet bases. All through the days of August and September, Churchill struggled with the problem Roosevelt wished away. On the twenty-fifth of August he suggested to Roosevelt that they inform Stalin that they would fly missions over Warsaw and land on Soviet bases without permission. He did not move when Roosevelt refused but said he had no objections to British action. On September 5, about a month before the Poles actually surrendered, Roosevelt told Churchill there was unfortunately nothing to be done since the fighting Poles had left Warsaw. Finally, on September 10, Stalin agreed to American missions to help Warsaw.

As for Stalin, his conduct was ambiguous: he wanted, as Churchill later put it, to appear to help and at the same time to make sure the noncommunist Poles perished. On September 15 Polish divisions in the Red Army under the command of General Berling crossed the Vistula for about a week, possibly without the permission of the Soviet Command. After September 13 Soviet pilots and Polish pilots under Soviet Command flew many dangerous low-flying missions over Warsaw. Stalin's

In the forthcoming issue of *Chronicles of Culture*

On Conscience & Related Concerns

"The Catholic writer is irresistibly drawn to the teaching attitude, he is not so indignant with sin (he knows its origins and its wiles) as with error and foolishness, so he tends to turn his texts into *catechisms*, as a way of rectifying sloppy thinking, psychological misconceptions, vision deflected by appetites, and erratic behavior."

from "The Charms of Profundity" by Thomas Molnar

"MacArthur was never given clear objectives after the Chinese entered the war. Truman reduced MacArthur, a Roosevelt-hater, to spells of nostalgia for FDR's leadership during World War II."

from "American MacArthur" by Alan Levine

"When one considers the swollen ranks of middle-class socialists and Gucci liberals, then maybe there's nothing so remarkable about working-class or bourgeois tories."

from "In Search of Cons(ervative)—Appeal" by Kenneth Kolson

Also:
Opinions & Views—Commendables—In Focus
Waste of Money—The American Scene
Screen—Music—Liberal Culture
Journalism—Polemics & Exchanges

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

method was delay—and entangling Great Britain and the United States in complicity with that delay.

If there was ambiguity about Stalin's actions, there was none about his attitudes. He was contemptuous and suspicious. Harriman saw Stalin in a fury at a Polish underground pamphlet (from the area of Poland already conquered by the Red Army) declaring there was no difference between Stalin and Hitler. Stalin had broken relations with the government of Poland in exile in London when in 1943 it had bravely spoken up about the Soviet murder of 4,400 Polish officers in the Katyn forest. That there was no difference between Stalin and Hitler was the truth—but a truth that has only lately penetrated the general mind. At that time millions were dying with the name Stalin the last word on their lips.

Like Churchill, Stalin understood the crucial importance of Polish courage but unlike him, he feared it: he spoke disparagingly of the fighters in Warsaw as opportunists and amateurs. And they were in some sense amateurs, because they risked their lives when the odds were against them, and because they believed in the words of the Atlantic Charter, signed by the London government—and the Soviet Union. At Yalta Stalin even belittled the prowess of the communist guerrillas in Yugoslavia. He was envious of those who were courageous on their own. With his usual brutal sententiousness (a deadly parody of Goethe) he remarked that our time had discovered that even average men could become heroes—if they had a gun at their back as well as in front of them. He hated disinterested courage—it made him feel his own cowardice. The best moment in Zawodny's book occurs when the memory of the surrender to the Germans overpowers him:

> "Here and there along the streets, civilians fell to their knees as our columns passed by. This was an unforgettable, almost shocking scene, because in Poland one kneels in reverence only to the Holy Sacrament."

* * *

Andrei Sinyavsky's and Robert Conquest's books are about the camps in the Soviet Union, that is, they are about the domestic counterparts to the Soviet Union's attempts at subversion abroad. For the Soviet regime only seeks to do to others what it does to itself and its subjects.

The camps also tell about how the war ended in Russia—or rather did not end—for just as he had feared the courage of the Poles, Stalin also feared the courage of his returning soldiers. Upon cessation of hostilities, numbers in the camps increased until they reached in the general opinion something like twelve or fourteen million in 1950-52, nearly twice the total of 1940.

But Sinyavsky's book is not really about the camps. It is a book from the camps, written in the camps. It is made up of bits of letters to his wife written during Sinyavsky's time (from 1966 to 1971) in the Potma camps, some three hundred miles due east of Moscow. These letters often requested the comments of other prisoners. Printed apart from Sinyavsky's own words, in italics, they sound like a chorus, from which Sinyavsky always keeps the distance of a protagonist who knows his own measure. It is these, sometimes aphoristic, bits of conversation of the other prisoners, that tell of existence in the camps. Sinyavsky's own words rarely refer to the camps—except for remarks that appear as slips: he mentions logging (the hardest work after the gold mining Conquest describes), or in a camp hospital he lets you see the dying all around when he describes a corpse on a stretcher as the only one who looked at peace.

Mostly Sinyavsky describes nature, like a man who lives in it and knows it lives in him—which is the only self-knowledge of those who live without society. He tells of the way light feels pouring through you in the spring after a long winter, of the way the trees rise, of the strength of birds singing and of the soft yielding of the sky. There is something of the wonder of the newborn in his words.

He also reads—reads with a seriousness that makes me blush. For instance, he glosses a passage in Suetonius that describes Octavian dropping off to sleep before battle. And he reflects—about ancient art and renaissance art, about Europe, about Europe and Russia, but not, unless memory fails, about America. You would not think he lives in the twentieth century—but it is precisely because he really has that he writes as if he has not.

Except for the voices reminding in the background with whom Sinyavsky feels solidarity, you would think you were reading Goethe's notebooks of his trip to Italy. Besides nature and the voices of his fellow prisoners, Sinyavsky feels the strength of art. These thoughts and observations feel as if they grow from living rock: it is hard to give a sense of the strength they yield. Sinyavsky makes me feel frivolous.

He writes to his wife. And by the end of the book, whose last chapter takes place outside of the camps, it is her voice—rather than her silence which overwhelms. For you never hear a word from her—directly.

In some ways this is a book of manners—in the way the *Odyssey* is—of manners in the camps. For Sinyavsky is a visitor in the camps—just like the other voices—and they all have to learn how to act there. The manners are aristocratic, for Sinyavsky in the camps continued to live in his way. As in the *Odyssey* these are also the manners of life and death. There is something worldly about Sinyavsky, as if the camps were our courts and curias and cathedrals, as if they were the place where you learned in our time how to behave in the world.

He seems to be saying this is what we are all up against. This is how you act in a world where there are no princes, where individuals will neither rule nor be ruled. Because of this, because the book gives an example of strength but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does not exhort, it is fearful. And maybe it also teaches that the *Odyssey* is a fearful work.

Sinyavsky's silence about camp details means: we all know what it is like by now—*you* know what it is like. It means, this has now become *your* world as much as ours:

> "Notions like 'human dignity' or 'the inviolability of the person' are to my mind a kind of gobbledegook, part of a generally accepted jargon or code serving the same sort of practical convenience as exclamatory phrases such as 'you don't say' or 'goodness gracious'—which are all very well in polite conversation, but make little real sense and cannot be taken seriously. At bottom there is no such thing as 'personal dignity.'"

Sinyavsky writes in the knowledge of the weakness of people who resort to force, in the knowledge of their emptiness at the center. They are for him beneath contempt; the less said about them the better. And it is withering contempt, not defensive contempt. We live in a world where we learn the aristocratic virtues not from our statesmen but from men who have survived the camps. To my bewilderment Sinyavsky's book reminded me more than once of La Rochefoucauld, but of a La Rochefoucauld who leaves it up to his reader to be witty—if he dares.

* * *

Conquest does just what Sinyavsky omits: he describes. He describes the outside of the camps, the inside of the barracks, how it is in the gold mines, digging camp graves, how, in the words of one prisoner, it looked after the war on embarkation day at Kolyma:

> "When we came out on to the immense field outside the camp, I witnessed a spectacle that would have done justice to a Cecil De Mille production. As far as the eye could see there were columns of prisoners marching in one direction or another like armies on a battlefield. A huge detachment of security officers, soldiers and signal corpsmen with field telephones and motorcycles kept in touch with headquarters, arranging the smooth flow of these human rivers."

As far as I know, this is one of the first accounts of a camp area by one who was not in them. Near the Arctic circle in Yakutsk the Kolyma region held no less than a hundred camps, some of which had as many as four sites, each with 2,500 prisoners. Conquest desires to give Kolyma something of the dread currency in English it bears in Russian. Yuri Galanskov, a poet who died in one of the Kolyma camps in 1972, called them, "Cold Auschwitzes of the North . . ." Conquest bases his account on Varlam Shalamov's *Recits de Kolyma* (Paris, 1969) and on sixteen other memoirs, two of which were published officially in the Soviet Union in the years 1963-64. Because the Kolyma region only can be reached by sea, from what the prisoners call "the mainland" —from Vladivostock, Nakhodka and Vanino—he uses *Lloyd's Register of Shipping* to calculate the men and women transported in the "Death-ships of the Okhotsk Sea" (Sakharov). In the period 1933-53 he estimates at least three million people died in the Kolyma camps. Conquest wastes no words. His restraint springs from a desire to remain true to the reality and an awareness that it is beyond empathy—although not beyond compassion. He does not mince words but knows their limits.

Kolyma is a gold mining region. When in 1941 Lend-lease diminished the Soviet Union's need for gold, the camps increased the mining of lead and tin. After the war they reached something like third place in world gold production—four to five hundred tons a year. According to one estimate each ton cost a thousand lives. Three months in the mines meant eventual death. Only those survived who managed to get jobs outside the mines—in camp hospitals, in camp stores and in camp administration offices. The high death rate in the Kolyma camps resulted from decisions in Moscow to kill men in work. Before these decisions were made, for a few years until 1937, the death rate was low.

Conquest has more difficulty rendering the life of men who were not prisoners: the guards, the camp administrators, the so-called "free" former prisoners, who existed under threat of expulsion to the mines for "infractions" like making love or theft. The camp administrators had their own theatre companies, made up of condemned illustrious actors, to entertain their wives and their "guests." They had prisoners embroider for them, make oak classroom furniture for their children. There is something unreal about Conquest's description of it all, in part because of the scarcity of sources for this side of existence at Kolyma. But the difficulty goes deeper than sources. It is harder to see these people than the prisoners, because they are so rigid in their refusal to acknowledge evil in themselves and around them. This unreality, this insistence of denying the self-evident, which Conquest does not encompass and as a result inadvertently reflects is living death. It needs the complicity of people who refuse to acknowledge what their eyes see.

Towards the end, Conquest tells of the visit in the summer of 1944 of the Vice President of the United States, Henry Wallace (with Owen Lattimore as an advisor) to the Kolyma region. Watchtowers along the roads were dismantled; prisoners who worked in the town were confined to their barracks for the three days of the visit. The camp administrators entertained their American guests with ballet. A farmer, Wallace came nearest to sensing something wrong when on a visit to a "farm" (really a penal camp) he discovered that a "swineherd" (actually NKVD office staff taking the place of a prisoner) knew little about pigs.

But Conquest means knowledge, not collective guilt—knowledge of things

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terrible to know but dangerous to forget:

> "Of the three million—or more—dead whose bones now lie in the Kolyma permafrost there is one final point to make. They were, virtually without exception, entirely innocent of the charges brought against them . . ." □

Pensioners' Power

Jeremy Rifkin and Randy Barber: *The North Will Rise Again: Pensions, Politics and Power in the 1980s;* Beacon Press; Boston.

by Harold C. Gordon

In the mid-1920s, when Russia's triumphant Bolsheviks realized that world revolution was not forthcoming, they settled down to the grim business of building "socialism in one country." In the same way, our own revolutionaries—the young radicals of the late sixties and early seventies—are proposing to establish socialist enclaves here. If not socialism in one country, they assert, then socialism in one city, one state, or one region—in the manner of the French and Italian leftists.

The target of this offensive is the "Graybelt," or the sixteen states that form our northeastern quadrant. The region has for years been declining in terms of industry, jobs, and population, and is therefore presumably ripe for socialist proselytizing.

This is the conclusion drawn by two young American radicals, Jeremy Rifkin and Randy Barber. When last heard from, Messrs. Rifkin and Barber were running the Peoples (sic) Bicentennial Commission, a propaganda organ devoted to enshrining Mao Tse-tung and Che Guevara as the spiritual heirs of the Sons of Liberty.

Their current project is no less audacious: they are out to destroy the American capitalist system. The instrument for its destruction is to be the $500 billion currently held in employee pension funds.

Mr. Gordon is Director of Special Studies for the United States Industrial Council in Nashville, Tennessee.

American workers have become the real owners of American business. This development was first made widely known by social scientist Peter Drucker in his 1976 book, *The Unseen Revolution: How Pension Fund Socialism Came to America.* As noted by Drucker, and echoed by Rifkin and Barber, this country's employees are the indirect owners, through their pension funds, of roughly 35 per cent of the equity capital of American business. This is more than enough for present control, and will probably reach 50 to 60 percent by the year 1985, if not sooner. Slightly less than half of this $500 billion figure is held by public employee pension funds, which are administered by government at the local, state, and federal levels. In the private sector, the bulk of the remaining monies are in corporate pension funds that are jointly administered by unions and management, although there are of course funds that are exclusively administered by one or the other. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, over 79 percent of all private pension plans in 1970 were noncontributory, or in other words funded entirely by corporate profits.

Whatever one's ideological bent may be, employee ownership is a fact—just as the economic stagnation of the Northeast is a fact. The question is, what construction is to be put on these facts? Here, Professor Drucker's shrewd, pragmatic, and deeply probing analysis must be regarded as far superior to the marxian clichés of Messrs. Rifkin and Barber.

Contempt for the capitalist system is the most striking feature of *The North Will Rise Again.* In the authors' view, capitalism is the root cause of the Graybelt's manifold woes. Having exploited the region like an economic colony for years, and finally milked it dry, the corporate interests "are moving on to exploit new colonies, using the wealth they extracted . . . as a major weapon in the drive for new conquests." By this, the authors refer to the growing number of business firms who are quitting the high taxes, militant unions, and deteriorating social conditions of the Northeast, in favor of the low taxes, open shops, and attractive lifestyles of the "Sunbelt" states of the South and West. In this natural, and entirely understandable, migration, Rifkin and Barber see a sinister plot by the "reactionary" elements of this country to punish the "progressive" elements for their liberalism. If taxes are higher in the Graybelt, they argue, it is for two reasons: the "humane" policies that the states in the region have pursued with regard to their poor and underprivileged, and the fact that the Graybelt states receive less money from Washington than they pay in federal taxes while Sunbelt states receive more.

The latter argument may be disposed of in fewer words than the former. It is true that some disparity exists in the flow of federal dollars between the two regions. This disparity may be explained in part by the many northerners eligible for VA, Civil Service, Social Security, or other federal retirement benefits who relocate in Florida or other Sunbelt states, and in part by the superior pork-barrelling skills of southern politicians. When welfare-related payments are considered separately, however, those northeastern states with high concentrations of urban poverty receive more funds than Sunbelt states. Their higher taxes, therefore, cannot be blamed on their being shortchanged by Washington. Neither can they be attributed to the region's "humanity" toward its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poor. This was the plaintive cry of those who wanted to bail out New York City. In fact, as then-Secretary of the Treasury William Simon has observed, New York was systematically looted by its municipal unions.

Because of their vast power, the city's unions were able to secure salaries, fringe benefits, and pension rights far in excess of those accorded workers doing comparable jobs in the private sector. To pay off the unions, the city taxed its productive elements to the limit, and borrowed heavily by issuing tax-free municipal bonds. When investors refused new bond issues, the city faced financial ruin. Admittedly, New York's experience was a "worst case" scenario, but the role of unions in undermining the Graybelt as a whole has been crucial. Unions—public and private—are far stronger in this region of the country than in any other. Hence, public policy has long reflected union demands for "progressive" legislation—not merely for "the poor," but for middle-class workers as well. The union shop is the rule in the Graybelt, as are handsome benefits for employees. In some states, unemployment compensation runs as high as 90 percent of full salary. Such policy not only gives the unions enormous leverage in bargaining with employers, it saps the will to work. During the great car-buying slump of 1975-76, for example, senior auto workers in Detroit exercised their seniority not to keep their jobs, but to be laid-off first—and the State of Michigan reported mailing thousands of unemployment compensation checks to Florida during this period.

The upshot of all this "progressivism" is a region in which union workers get more, produce less, and soak the private sector for an elaborate system of social benefits. Is it any wonder that so many Graybelt firms are moving out?

Lest the drain on the region's livelihood shock those responsible into economic sanity, Messrs. Rifkin and Barber have devised an ideological solution to the problem. The lion's share of pension funds in this country belong to public and union workers in the Northeast. As pointed out earlier, these funds are nominally administered by government or by union and/or corporate trustees, although real control has largely been handed over to private banks, insurance companies, and other professional asset managers. These professionals—who, after all, are *expected* to see that the funds in their keeping are safely and profitably invested—are doing precisely that. They are pouring millions into the booming Sunbelt, much to the chagrin of Graybelt politicians and union leaders who see their own pension funds being used not only to develop a rival area, but to support companies that are nonunion or even anti-union. The counterstrategy urged by Rifkin and Barber is predictable: wrest control of the pension funds from the capitalist oppressors, and use them to restructure the economy of the Graybelt along socialist lines. The authors envision government and union directors on the boards of Graybelt banks and corporations, and even the creation of public and union enterprises to compete with established firms. At the very least, they maintain, pension power should stanch the flow of capital to other regions.

Professor Drucker has answered their grand design in advance. First, unions and government have already proved themselves to be the worst possible managers of pension funds. Their retirement plans are disgracefully underfunded, susceptible to cronyism and corruption, and poorly invested. Worst of all, they go unregulated. State and local plans are not covered by existing laws, and while union plans are officially subject to the same laws as corporate plans, the Labor Department has done little to correct long-standing abuses. Second, union leaders have been less than eager to exert control over jointly administered funds. The reason, says Drucker, is they quite rightly fear that actual management would put them in an untenable position. Workers may also be owners, but the two interests do not always coincide. Younger workers are interested in increasing wages; older workers, anxious to secure their pensions, have a big stake in maximizing profits.

This leads Drucker to his third and salient point: America is undergoing a major demographic change. We have an aging population.

This fact, to which Rifkin and Barber barely allude, is central to Drucker's analysis. The baby boom of the late 1940s was an aberration. It has been followed, not by successively higher birth rates, but by zero population growth. This in turn means that when the war babies reach retirement age, they will have to be supported by a work force proportionately smaller than their generation. If this eventuality, coupled with steady advances in the prolongation of human life, is not to give rise to a bitter struggle between generations, warns Drucker, we must do everything possible to increase our output so that we will be able to support both groups. Only a capitalist economy can do the job. "Productivity of capital," says Drucker, "has been the one area in which free-enterprise, market-based economies have shown decisive, in fact, overwhelming superiority over state-controlled 'planned' economies." Accordingly, if the millions of dollars presently lodged in pension funds are to insure a comfortable retirement for today's workers, they must be invested in a capitalist economy and not a socialist one. Investment in the socialist utopia sketched by Rifkin and Barber would not be investment at all, but consumption—devouring seed capital to satisfy present wants instead of future needs.

Messrs. Rifkin and Barber insist that the capitalist alternative to their plan is "to reduce the standard of living, the social services, and the wages of labor to such an extent that the local

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regions become competitive with North Carolina, Mississippi, or Taiwan. You can bet your bottom dollar that private industry will then come knocking at the door again." They overstate the case. Actually, if tax-cut fever were to hit the Graybelt, if public spending could be reduced, and if unions could be persuaded to moderate their wage demands and give up the antiquated work rules that are pricing their labor off the market, it could be enough. As William Simon has commented, fringe benefits to New York City employees cost 68 cents over and above every dollar paid out in wages and salaries. The average for benefits to federal employees was 35 cents. Had New York's fringe benefits been held to the federal level of 35 percent, total costs would have been $1.5 billion less—the difference between a billion-dollar deficit and a half-billion-dollar surplus for the city's hard-pressed treasury.

Another instructive model is New Hampshire. By keeping its per capita tax bite the lowest in the nation, it has become the fastest growing state in New England and has an unemployment rate half that of other states in the area. Furthermore, it has achieved this prosperity without sacrificing quality of life. A study prepared by two Dartmouth professors, comparing New Hampshire with Vermont—its twin sister and one of the most highly-taxed states in the nation—failed to establish that life in one was superior to life in the other.

Clearly, the application of common sense and sound economics could go far toward revitalizing the other states of the Graybelt. The North may indeed rise again, but the way to renewed prosperity lies through capitalist production and not socialist dogma. □

Exposing Virulent Lies

Diane Ravitch: *The Revisionists Revised: A Critique of the Radical Attack on the Schools;* Basic Books; New York.

by David Pietrusza

During the late 1960 s the nation's educational system, like so many other institutions, came under heavy theoretical attack from the big guns of the radical left. Now, obviously there was—and is—a lot to be criticized concerning the conduct of our academics, drastic fallings-off in basic skills, a laxity of discipline, ballooning budgets. And there was much to be criticized in the standard histories of American education. Often the tone was unctuous, holier-than-thou, and biased in its own right.

Mr. Pietrusza, an historian and freelance critic, has recently written a book on Senator Joseph McCarthy.

Yet the new revisionist thrust ignored these very real failings and focused instead on jamming their facts into a tortured marxist or anarchist straight jacket. The classroom, they charged, was a sinister instrument of class oppression, reinforcing the status quo, hindering the upward rise of the immigrant and the disadvantaged while simultaneously and forcibly uprooting ethnic traditions.

There were in these fevered arguments virulent strains of utopianism and paranoia. If society still harbors elitism, snobbery or racism, it was obvious to the revisionists that the schools had *planned* it that way despite all their words and actions to the contrary.

Like so many other faulty avant-garde ideas, these too met with token opposition. Some educators went over to the revisionist side. Others refused to take the challenge seriously. No coherent body of thought arose to point out the gaping inconsistencies or to skewer their unsupported generalizations. Now Diane Ravitch, author of *The Great School Wars,* a study of New York City's tortured school board politics, has taken the time to puncture a few selected ideological balloons using solid statistical and historical research and the powers of a rigorously logical mind.

"When they are effective, reformers become responsible for the changes they initiate," she notes, zeroing in on a prime weakness of the revisionists. "And when at some future date, the reforms need reforming, their original sponsors can be disparaged for not having the prescience to see what could go wrong. Thus, anyone who gets involved in a political action runs the considerable risk of failing, while those who refuse to abandon their utopian ideals can never be held accountable."

The intellectual mind-fix of the revisionist school may best be gauged by author Michael Katz's sweeping assertion that American education has for a century been "universal, tax-supported, free, compulsory, bureaucrat, racist, and class-biased . . . Bureaucracy came about because men confronted particular kinds of social problems with particular social purposes. Those purposes reflected class attitudes and class interests. Modern bureaucracy is a bourgeois invention; it represents a crystallization of bourgeois social attitudes."

"And it will be a pity if talents such as Diane Ravitch turn away from the fundamental questions raised by radicals merely because they smack of something forbidden called 'ideology.'"
—*New York Times Book Review*

The bias is, of course, apparent. In Katz's warped perception only bourgeois capitalism creates bureaucracy, as if it does not exist behind the Iron Curtain, or in a democratic-socialist society like

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sweden, or as if it did not exist even in hereditary monarchies or the medieval Catholic Church. Bureaucracy, people like Katz contend, is instituted in modern America specifically to reinforce class attitudes and racial discrimination through a forced regimentation which imposes mandatory education on a reluctant proletariat.

The facts are just the opposite of this contention. The immigrant and the native working man have always correctly seen clearly that education was a way out of the blue-collar trap. At the turn of the century, Lower East Side Jewish parents nearly rioted when, because of overcrowding, their children were threatened with exclusion from the classroom. Slaves and freedmen sought education with the same passion, often risking the wrath of the law to gain it. White Southerners operated on the same principle, fighting tenaciously to keep the black man unlettered, knowing instinctively that education was the vital key to upward mobility.

Neither was the American public school system genocidal in terms of ethnic heritage and traditions as this new class of historians argues. Miss Ravitch contends that American society has been singularly tolerant of foreign customs, citing the ironclad rights of immigrants to use their native language freely and publicly, to establish papers and schools and organizations using that tongue—often with tax-exempt status. This was not always the case abroad. Today society leans over backward for the immigrant, often establishing bilingual education in large Spanish-speaking areas—a precedent created by turn-of-the-century bilingualism for German-speaking students in such areas as Indianapolis and Baltimore.

Yet the revisionists argue that the immigrant was assimilated through educational coercion, conveniently forgetting many of the realities of American life. "The non-English ethnic groups in the United States of America were Anglicized not because of nationality laws which were unfavorable towards their language but in spite of nationality laws favorable to them," Miss Ravitch quotes Heinz Kloss, a German scholar. "The nationalities could be given as many opportunities as possible to retain their identity, yet the achievements of the Anglo-American society and the achievements which this society offered were so attractive that the descendants of the 'aliens' sooner or later voluntarily integrated themselves to this society."

Another of the favorite revisionist bête noires is vocational training, as they posit that the practice has been one of the most class conscious and exploitative of all educational practices. Obviously, in some cases, intellectually talented youths were pigeonholed away from academic courses, but in the majority of instances the choice was not between "shop" and a doctorate in humane letters, but between a trade and life as an unskilled laborer without even a high school education. Interpreting such circumstances in a scholarly proper method, Miss Ravitch also demolishes several studies contending that public education reinforces some supposed form of class structure; utilizing well-analyzed sophisticated data, she proves firmly that upward social mobility is a fact—not a sinister myth—in American society.

In most measurable categories of social mobility, the United States offers the greatest opportunities for its citizens, particularly for members of the working class to move into "elite" occupations. Fully 10 percent "of sons whose fathers were manual laborers moved into these vocations, a greater percentage than any other industrial nation. Similarly, a 1964 study found that a mere 10.5 percent of the current generation of big-business executives . . . are sons of wealthy families; as recently as 1950 the corresponding figure was 36.1 percent, and at the turn of the century 45.6 percent."

The net effect of *Revising the Revisionists* is a thorough refutation of the claims of those who see a clichéd, "fascist," "racist," class-biased monolith controlling the educational system. It opens the windows and allows some fresh air into the closed confines of previously unchallenged dogma, injecting a dose of common sense into an important debate. "The schools," says Miss Ravitch, "are limited instruments which have certain general responsibilities and certain specific capacities; sometimes they have failed to meet realistic expectations, and at other times they have succeeded beyond realistic expectations in dispersing intelligence and opportunity throughout the community. In order to judge them by reasonable standards and in order to have any chance of improving their future performance, it is necessary to abandon the simplistic search for heroes and devils, for scapegoats and panaceas." □

In *Persuasion At Work,* Vol. I, No. 9, "ATTACKING WALL STREET UNDER THE BANNER OF GOD":

"The thorny issue of church/state relationships now has a thorny twin, church/economy relationships. Just as the Jonestown disaster raised the question of what kind of operation Mr. Jones conducted within the shelter of the church label, so the thrust by religious groups to regulate the business community raises a question about the nature and intent of these operations which claim the immunities of the church."

"As elements of the church gather momentum in their determined campaign to destroy one economic system and impose another upon capitalistic nations, they are inviting, nay, forcing a public reassessment of whether special privileges or tax exemptions can be granted carte blanche to every activity conducted under the name of religion."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harvard's *Dégringolade*

John LeBoutillier: *Harvard Hates America: The Odyssey of a Born-Again American;* Gateway Editions; South Bend, Indiana.

by Walter Trohan

Ours is a society in which high esteem was once given to the search for truth in our institutions of higher learning. This search was conducted in an atmosphere as dedicated as that of Plato's groved academy, but one hallowed by the measurement of social values against spiritual unity. Perhaps none of these institutions is more influential, if not more venerated, than Harvard, which has turned out more presidents, more philosophers, more Nobel Prize winners, more writers, more poets and more professors than any American hall of learning.

But it is a long way from the college of Charles William Eliot, and his five foot shelf of the world's great literature, to the university of John LeBoutillier, where four-letter words are intoned in ivy-mantled classrooms and red radicalism is often more honored than the crimson badge of the institution. The not-so-old Harvard was designed to promote independence of thought and mind, whereas the new Harvard thrives on regurgitation and imitation of the liberal line, according to its recent graduate and undergraduate, who is so obviously literate and challenging.

Only about half of this slender but explosive volume is devoted to Harvard and the rest to politics, which is concerned with how the Republican Party lost its soul and how it might regain the kingdom of the elected. The academic section commands our attention, because all who are attending college or have left, more or less recently, will find matching experiences in their own schools, if only they have the honesty and courage to say it in these days of regimented conformity, which has become the cult of culture.

Dr. Eliot became president of Harvard in 1869 at the age of 35. He labored for forty years to make it a great university. Before his death in retirement in 1926, the cultists had begun their transformation of thought by inquiry into thought by conformity, which so distresses Mr. LeBoutillier, who wrote his book in his 23rd year and is now only 25.

In Eliot's later days, many professors abandoned spiritual unity and turned to the calls for social justice, voiced in the storm and bloodletting of the French Revolution. It was easy for them to forget the reign of terror in their absorption with the goals of demagogues, and no less easy to forget that the cries ended in the despotic empire of Napoleon. Naturally, it was not difficult for many of these cultists to embrace the revolution of Lenin and to forget its resulting mass purges and slave labor camps, which have ended in the only surviving and aggressive empire of our day.

The objectivity of the 19th century was abandoned for the calls for social justice of the 17th. Truths were jettisoned as ephemeral; history was rewritten, courses were reshuffled. In all fields, teachers were enlisted in what was held to be a war for social progress, even though what was offered was rooted in the failures of the guillotine.

When LeBoutillier passed through the gates of the Harvard yard, with their invitation: Enter To Grow in Wisdom, the first professorial voice he heard was one calling for the election of George McGovern in 1972, partly because the senator was calling for the imposition of a 100 percent tax on inheritance. This same professor, LeBoutillier learned some minutes later, was the third largest contributor to McGovern's campaign, having given or loaned more than $250,000 of his wife's inherited sewing machine millions to the man dedicated to end inheritance. LeBoutillier found that another faculty member, given to scatological outbursts against America, owed his home, car and fine clothes to his wife's father, the chairman of the board of a huge Wall Street bank. This same teacher railed against America and bowed to Marx, Hegel, Mao and their peers in a course supposedly devoted to such 19th century developments as slavery in America and the English industrial revolution.

The sale and use of pot and other drugs on the campus, the cuddling of homosexuals and lax grading for favored students was shocking enough, but it was the interjection of personal opinions by professors and invitations to controversial characters or groups to lecture on the campus which launched the new Harvard student on the warpath. This, of course, is not confined to Harvard. Liberal students and professors, LeBoutillier concludes, are not "ideological soldiers engaged in a lifetime commitment to some ideal, but rather they are insecure people desperately searching for some sort of identity." He adds that in almost every case, "the loud and ranting voices calling for radical changes in America were not the voices of dedicated sacrificing ideologues; no, they were really the voices of a generation searching for something that would provide an umbrella under which they could find security and legitimacy." No doubt conformity is the womb to which the uncertain seek to return. He emphasizes that not all of the students and faculty he knew at Harvard were as bad as the instances cited. Yet on the day of his graduation with honors, his house master urged him to take a few steps to the left, and the good man

Mr. Trohan, now retired, was on the editorial staff of the Chicago Tribune *and chief of that journal's Washington bureau.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

did not mean physically. As an undergraduate, Mr. LeBoutillier was startled at how the general condemnation of the American system was combined with the remnants of snobbery he found surviving in the old line campus clubs. As a graduate student he was appalled by the reverse side of the coin in the highly-regarded Harvard Business School, where he found instruction and discussion geared to the conviction that profits are the ultimate attainment, ethics and morality are discards, and bribery can be considered a virtue along with other questionable practices.

Harvard made LeBoutillier a Republican. He became interested in the senate campaign of Lt. Col. Leo K. Thorsness, a Hanoi prisoner of war who walked out of Hanoi on his feet to challenge George McGovern. Without experience in fund raising, LeBoutillier collected more for the war hero by his letters and phone calls from his Harvard room than did the candidate's state organization. He was invited to become a finance chairman at the age of 20, perhaps the youngest in political history. This feat also attracted the attention of the White House, to which he was summoned in the 1967 presidential campaign, but where he found little to attract or inspire him.

LeBoutillier entered the Harvard Business School after deciding to make a career of politics. He believes that lawyers have failed and that government should be run like a business; therefore, it needs men of business training. He holds that labor leaders have, all too often, mistreated and deceived their membership; that religious leaders are often old, tired and bankrupt of ideas, although never before have so many young people believed in God; professional men—in law, business and medicine—are being criticized, as never before, for greed and lack of ethics, and educators are being distrusted, which was not so until recently.

His remedy is to find, educate and elect leaders that have faith in America and its world role, which is to bear a light "unto all nations." LeBoutillier describes himself as a Republican for historical reasons, naming and dwelling on David Wilmot, the Pennsylvania congressman, who introduced the provision designed to keep slavery out of the territory taken from Mexico, and Galusha Grow, another legislator from the same state, who fathered the Homestead Act. He holds these forgotten figures to be men of dedication and soul, like Abraham Lincoln, whose counterparts are needed today. His enthusiasm for Wilmot and Grow is understandable, yet slavery would have been ended without Wilmot's prod which was never passed, and western lands would have been thrown open to settlement without Grow. Neither was alone in his cause. Many hated slavery and many wanted public lands thrown open to settlement, including such Democratic stalwarts as Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, who lost his senate and house seats because of his growing opposition to slavery, and Horace Greeley, now remembered for his, "Go west, young man." Thus, it may be that LeBoutillier adopted Grow to give a historical background to his own program for political reform. He contends both major parties have failed the people and offers what he presents as the New Homestead, a program above and beyond the New Deal and the New Frontier.

This program, he insists, is necessary to enable middle and lower class American families to acquire homes, to help the deserving obtain higher education, to assist in meeting rising health costs and to provide for new types of government under which new mechanisms would be developed to allow Americans a greater participatory role in their local communities. He would promote local planning and development districts, consolidate districts to bring suburbs and their big city neighbors closer together for mutual benefits, introduce new roles for the government to help areas in trouble and establish ten regional councils under which various government activities would be closer to the people they serve. Finally, he would seek to strengthen families and place them in control of the government.

Needless to say, this program will draw as much criticism from politicians as his criticism of Harvard, and the educational system it has sponsored, will draw from the academic community. Both can be reproached for immaturity. LeBoutillier can expect no embraces from those dedicated to the principle that all problems can be solved by throwing money at them, or from those who contend that they can solve the problems of the rest of us better than we can by waving their graduate degrees.

LeBoutillier will be compared, no doubt unfavorably, to William F. Buckley, Jr., who looked on his alma mater, after his graduation in 1950, and found it wanting. Some may label LeBoutillier the new Buckley, but others will brand him as more violent and angry. Which is in keeping with the nature of things; as time goes by, everything becomes worse—even the Ivy League Schools. □

Commendables

On Frost's Legacy

Frost: Centennial Essays III: **Edited by Jack Thorpe;** University Press of Mississippi; Jackson, Mississippi.

If art is not to be used as a stepping stone to reinforce the actions and habits of an artist's life, if the interpretation of art should not be solely based on specific events that occurred in an artist's personal life—critics and literary historians would have little to do. The third volume on Frost, initiated by the centennial of the poet's birth, achieves that delicate balance of discussing the man and his art without stating that one is directly responsible for the other.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Most of the selections are based on conversations that people, who can be described as Frost writers-friends, had with the late, great poet. From their essays, the total Frost—both public and private—emerges, as a poet, conversationalist, public figure, father, farmer, and "folksy, shrewd, but affirming New England guru." In conversations, Frost projects views which touch all social and political spheres: the New Deal Democrats need, in his opinion, a New Deck; the greatest danger in the world is collectivism; individual freedom is of the highest importance.

Frost's long life was replete with mishaps (his father died of tuberculosis at an early age, he lost his infant son in 1920, an infant daughter shortly after, his daughter Marjorie died in 1934, his wife Elinor in 1938, his son Carol committed suicide in 1940 and his daughter Irma was institutionalized in 1947) which naturally tinged some of his work with a tragic tone, but did not turn him into an embittered man. His strength in facing adversity became one of the elements of his simple, fundamental poetry whose greatness is in its credible lack of affectation. The University of Mississippi volume gives a sincere and earnest insight into this specific interplay between dynamics and complexity which made Frost a great artist. (BS) □

Walker's Probity

Harold Blake Walker: ***Days Demanding Courage;*** Rand McNally & Co.; Chicago.

Over the past 27 years, Harold Blake Walker, a pastor at the First Presbyterian Church, Evanston, Illinois, has developed a successful formula to impart his encouragement and inspiration to modern man. He says a lot with few words. Walker's tracts on the enigmas and tribulations of the human condition draw on the wise words of great characters from history and literature. Weaving these together with his own mature judgments, he gives a convincing counsel on facing up to modern living. His message: "In the commonplace courage of every day, the issue of personal life and society are decided."

He doesn't eschew the delicate relationship between moral responsibilities and the success of a free society. Addressing today's value crisis, he writes, "A nation is no stronger than the moral fiber of its people. Our freedom hinges on the ethical integrity of men and women whose . . . value system enables them to judge what is good and fair; honorable and just—" To have him in the *Chicago Tribune's* pages elicits from many a sigh of relief. (RV). □

Bruccoli's Quest

Just Representations: A James Gould Cozzens Reader; **edited and with an introduction by Matthew J. Bruccoli;** Southern Illinois University Press and Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; Carbondale, Illinois and New York.

Mr. Bruccoli is a sort of critical Superman who battles literary injustice. He took on the powerful liberal cultural establishment which never forgave John O'Hara his conservative persuasion and antiliberal quirks: even if he didn't succeed in fully vindicating O'Hara's value and valor, he certainly put on an impressive fight in his defense. Now, he's up to rescue Cozzens from the highly undeserved oblivion. Cozzens was a writer with a rare sense of uprightness and rectitude: we need his voice now more than ever, although it's doubtful that he'll get a fair hearing in our lifetime. Mr. Bruccoli quotes Cozzens' own words:

> "My social preference is to be left alone, and people have always seemed willing, even eager to gratify my inclination. I am more or less illiberal, and strongly antipathetic to all political and artistic movements . . . My literary preferences are for writers who take the trouble to write well. This necessarily excludes some of my most lauded contemporaries and I think I would do well to skip the presumptuous business of listing the three or four who strike me as good."

We wish Cozzens' work were sold in paperback in every Greyhound station. However, we know it's an impossible dream now. Thus, we would settle for having him as required reading in high school and college classes. Even this is probably wishful thinking, but Mr. Bruccoli's tenacity and idealism may help. □

Tolstoy's Reminder

Nikolai Tolstoy: ***The Secret Betrayal: 1944-47;*** Charles Scribner's Sons; New York.

Immediately after the war, Stalin and the politbureau of the Soviet Communist Party decided that Russians who had been captured by the Germans as war prisoners were traitors to the motherland and should be dealt with as such. In addition, they declared that those Russians who were strewn all over Europe were war criminals, and that they should be dealt with according to their crimes. Stalin then asked the Western allies to repatriate all those people to him. The Western allies complied with his wish and millions of people were executed the moment they passed Soviet lines.

A substantial number of reports on the details of this historical massacre have been written in the West. Many were published in America (even one by the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, Jr. in his recent book, *Once to Every Man),* but in its review of Mr. Tolstoy's book, *The New Yorker* saw fit to remark:

> "The Western public knew little about the entire business, which was hushed up as long as possible; the author thinks that the most blame-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worthy person was the British Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden."

We do not think that Anthony Eden is more to blame than the liberal press, which was so infatuated with the Soviets immediately after the war (and never completely shook off this infatuation) that it saw fit *not* to report on everything the Soviets did, *not* to review books which brought to light crucial evidence of what they did, and *not* to interview people who would have something to say on the subject. □

In Focus

Against Abortion

Thou Shalt Not Kill: The Christian Case Against Abortion: **Edited by Richard L. Ganz;** Arlington House; New Rochelle, New York.

by James M. Purcell

This anthology, *Thou Shalt Not Kill,* amounts to the bearing of witness on the pro-life issue of seven American Protestant Christian academics. The specialized areas which each writer discusses are: Everett Koop, medicine; Richard Ganz, the editor, psychiatry and psychology; John Frame, a "Biblical perspective"; Jeremy Jackson, the relevant historical background in Western cultural values; Harold Brown, law; Paul Feinberg, ethics; Susan Foh, the relationship of pro-abortionism to contemporary organized feminism.

All these authors bring solid professional talents to their writing, and have differing categories of readers in mind. It is a tribute to the social health of the lay backlash movement, often called "pro-life," that such different minds accept the necessity of joining forces here under one book's roof.

Thou Shalt Not Kill offers one essay that is more arresting than the others: Jackson's "Shadow of Death." For many, Jackson will be the same kind of literary "discovery" as, on one's first reading, was C. S. Lewis or D. W. Brogan. Jackson actually accepted the most elusive topic and cites many authorities from a variety of fields to describe the long, slippery historical slope which has finally deposited so many educated "Christians" on the wrong side of this issue.

The Jackson essay makes the point that historically the educated Western Christian tended to accept the values of the Enlightenment in a way that compromised his Christian Faith; not least because, Jackson argues, the now-conspicuous Western-liberal identity crisis existed recognizably in 18th century secular France as well as in 1978 secular power-class America.

There is a tendency among some of the other contributors to fight old battles, and treat "science" or humanism as inimical to pro-life, whereas the pro-abortion logic is now clearly as anti-humanist as it is anti-Biblical. In a collection intended to enlist pro-life advocates within the Biblical tradition, it is odd that there is no mention of orthodox Judaism, which has been historically as unsympathetic to abortion as orthodox Christianity. □

Mr. Purcell is a free-lance writer from Peoria, Illinois.

Matthiessen's High Altitude Meditation

Peter Matthiessen: ***The Snow Leopard;*** Viking; New York.

Peter Matthiessen certainly does not belong to the breed of Americans which proliferates in affluent suburbia and Manhattan brownstones, and which makes no distinction between mysticism and Ultrabrite toothpaste—both make them feel super. His objective is serious thinking and writing, and he writes with civilized literariness. However, we could never help being shamefully curious about how an American endowed with education, erudition, wealth, talent, a family tree and—as we believe—a certain allegiance to the centuries of thought and culture which have produced him, could become a Zen Buddhist. We never could, and perhaps never will, understand why one would be attracted to that school of thought, though we have read a mountain of confessions, treatises, essays, novels, blank verse, and heard a multitude of rock lyrics about such attraction. We voluntarily admit that the fault may lie with ourselves, with our minds shut off from revelation and insensitive to a more complicated sageness. Mr. Matthiessen has proven to be of little help in our shortcoming. He writes appealingly about the Himalayan landscape and Nepal fauna, about a particularly engaging species called the blue sheep, and goats of the same color, but he does not introduce anything more convincing about Far Eastern knowledge than we have been told before. His book is very successful and is eagerly reviewed by all those Yankee *cognoscenti* who eat metaphysics with their Wheaties, and to whom nirvana is an appliance as necessary as a toaster. The Incarnate Lama Chogyam Trungpa Tulku once wrote: "Americans have the greatest amount of confusion and wealth in the world. Thus people (in America) are very relieved when they learn that they are nothing, that they don't exist . . . that the goal is to have no goal."

This sounds convincing and we wholeheartedly agree with the venerable Lama. (CC) □

Waste of Money

Puzo's Effluvium

Mario Puzo: ***Fools Die;*** Putnam; New York.

The cognitive value of the title's pronouncement frees one from going beyond the cover. Those who will delve into this fatso of a novel will find out

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that a novelist who tries to convince his readers that fools die is a cheap pub raconteur. His place on the bestseller list is thus assured by fools. And that's about everything that can and should be said about a piece of fiction which brings things sexual to the status of punctuation.

Mr. Puzo produced *The Godfather,* an honorable pulp, a poorly written epic of urban folklore which described some moral and psychological attitudes, shallow and commonplace to be sure, but nonetheless the substance for a simplistic ethos. Even a vulgar ethos is not banal, but worthy of attention, therefore, as the author of that novel, Mr. Puzo has a place in the contemporary pop culture. His attempt to move elsewhere, as *Fools Die* proves, seems ludicrous. □

Poster's Love Objects

Mark Poster: *Critical Theory of the Family;* Seabury Press; New York.

Professor Poster, a University of California professor of history, wades ankle-deep into the psychoanalytical aspects of the family, using Freud's research as his departure point. He examines the findings of numerous other authorities, with his preferences running to Marx, Lenin and Erikson, holds their conclusions up for examination, and finally picks them to pieces.

Families, he asserts, do not follow consistent, homogeneous history. Four family types are examined: peasant, aristocratic, proletarian and bourgeois. While the bourgeois family is subjected to the most thorough delineation, the previous three modes are shown primarily to prove that the nuclear model is not, either historically or at present, the only or the best one available to society.

Professor Poster, his political and ideological emotions shouting from the pages, condemns the "hierarchies of age and sex" inherent in the bourgeois family. He regretfully admits that the proletarian family has imitated and been absorbed into the bourgeois model. Capitalism is the culprit in this unfortunate change.

Having led his readers through a Freudian maze of oral, anal and genital stages which, for the bourgeoisie, results in an Oedipal complex, Professor Poster puts forth his "utopian model," which will eliminate age and sex hierarchies, parental authority over their children, and presumably, all our woes. He proposes a "democratic community" in which the children are housed in separate buildings so they can "find love objects throughout the community" and parents can enjoy their children at their leisure. Women will be unshackled from housework to join the work force in full equality. Just which love objects will scrub floors and change diapers is not mentioned. (BK) □

Screen

Con Artistry—and Felony as Suffering

***A Wedding;* Directed by Robert Altman; Written by John Considine and Robert Altman; Twentieth Century Fox.**

***Midnight Express;* Directed by Alan Parker; Written by Oliver Stone; Based on the story by Billy Hayes and William Hoffer; Columbia Pictures.**

by Eric Shapearo

The metaphysics of literature, drama, performing arts, and art *in toto,* is abysmally complex and at the same time simple. One tells a story of love or adventure and adds something untold about it—and that's literature, or drama. One paints an apple, or a bathing woman, and shows something never shown before—and that's art. However, what every writer, playwright and artist discovers, and quite soon, is how difficult it is to tell or show something *new,* to add something which hasn't been related or made visible before. Thus, an artist or writer who claims to have discovered something we knew all along is a con artist. Unfortunately, the press, its critics and reviewers, often support con artists for reasons of ideological affinities.

Robert Altman, the director of *A Wedding,* has often clamored about his discovery of America, or the truth about her. He does not conform to the basic rule that telling the truth about one's country must contain a universal message. From Homer to Chaucer to Diderot to Gogol to Faulkner, the showdown with one's own nation, her traditions, abominations, tyrannies and hypocrisies, must comprise something common to all humanity—otherwise it is invalid. Malignant petulance and successful criticism are of two different origins, and this axiom escapes Altman in whatever he tries to do. The accusation of one's own reality ought to be subtle, lest it turn into propaganda, or cant, or a fishwife's rant. Altman never observes this rule: he holds America responsible for every nymphomaniac, every doped killer, every female protozoan, every singing village idiot. His America is a cesspool of vice and aberration, an aquarium inhabited only by piranhas and amoebas. Some call it heavy-handedness. I call it obsession.

It's difficult to sit through *A Wedding:* the relentless consistency of simple-minded odiousness is stultifying. *Chiaroscuro* seems to be a notion of viewing life and the world which Altman has never heard. Only *M*A*S*H*, his best movie, contained some resigned ambivalence, which made it humane and ironic. His *Thieves Like Us* glorified crime by equating it with innocence;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nashville was about the ugliness of America. A pigheaded obstinacy in portraying America as ugly is as nonsensical and repulsive as presenting her as an unassailable happy-ending paradise, but Altman appears not to notice this elementary equation. *A Wedding* is about the ugliness of affluence and social custom, about the hideousness of the comfortable Middle-American stratum. There is no attempt to structure a parable here, every facet of life is either sin or abuse *because* it is American. As sin and abuse put into a shallow social perspective are the mainstay of the daily press, Altman's constant hinting that he has discovered something turns into a boring fraud.

* * *

Midnight Express is one of the most scurrilous movies ever made, and perhaps one of the most despicable ever to be distributed in America. It tells the story of an American jailed by the Turks for smuggling dope. What it says amounts to the idea that a dope addict or hashish smuggler is a victim martyred by those who, in one way or another, try to prevent societies from being decomposed by narcotics. This message is enough to make some young people form long lines in front of theatres in New York City and Los Angeles. The movie seems to be considered both an anthem and a battle cry for both kinds of Americans: those who become poisoned by drugs and those who poison them—a rare unity between the poisoner and the victim. The dual rationale of the message is: "That's what they (governments, Turks, narcotic agents) do to *you* (us) just for our serene, harmless intention to get stoned! Hate *them,* be it Turks or feds, *they* are the same bloody fascistic sadists in Turkey as *they* are in Kansas or Cleveland! Hate *them,* you *innocent* victim!"

* * *

A footnote: the *Chicago Tribune* thought it suitable to serialize excerpts from Mr. Hayes' book, which served as the material for this movie. □

Stage

Entertainment as Cautionary Tale

Noel Coward: *Present Laughter;* Directed by Roderick Cook; Studebaker Theatre, Chicago.

***Ain't Misbehavin': The New Fats Waller Musical Show;* Conceived and Directed by Richard Maltby, Jr.; Longacre Theatre, New York.**

Does it make sense to exhume Noel Coward from an era when existential and social problems were analyzed and dealt with by means of exhilarating giddiness on Broadway? From our historical perspective, we know that plenty of epochal ills went somehow untreated because people preferred to laugh and forget, which a decade later made them go to war and die.

Yes, it does make sense. Whatever Coward's intellectual, or artistic, weight, as measured against the maximal criteria of culture, he belongs to those who knew how to form sentiments without the pressures of inflated ideologies. This is a forgotten art nowadays. The featherweight story of an all-too-charming actor who loses track of the distinction between performing and existing, who is loved, liked, desired and admired despite his addlebrained disloyalties, and every possible transgression of friendship, common decency and good sense, settles nothing in us or around us. But, once again, it proves that Coward, like many of his contemporaries, knew how to distinguish between weirdos, whose eccentricities never dispel the boredom they generate with their freakishness, and the so-called colorful characters which command our attention by first generating sympathy. Maniacs and nuts, so abundantly manufactured by the Liberal Culture's fashions, bore us more than they suspect; their harangues about their own "depth" and "sensitivity" are most often cheap bromides. The two-dimensional Garry Essendine, Coward's creation, somehow succeeds in engaging our attention. Why? Anything he and his entourage have to say is pure bubble, but, apparently, there are quality bubbles and schlock bubbles—and the theater can never escape the enigma of their differentiation. We have reached a point where any psychoanalytical interpretation of literature, or drama, even if introspective, now sounds like an intolerable platitude. Noel Coward loses no time on ponderous banality: he diffuses charming commonplaces, and he wins us—at least for a two-hour span. And we feel grateful to him for giving us a bit of mindlessness.

Present Laughter is, of course, one actor's play and it is refreshing to revert to that venerable tradition of a pure theatrical romp, in which whatever Peter O'Toole does, says or intimates constitutes the magic of the fleeting moment. The pristine times of the London Strand, when people went to the theater to have a good time, and when a good time was a part of character building, seem now like a better and healthier era. It was not, but it certainly was wiser.

* * *

Ain't Misbehavin' is allegedly a musical, one of those which flow through Broadway in bunches, perhaps a slightly better one. However, after it ends, one has a peculiar feeling, not often experienced in the modern, post-romantic theater that, for over two hours, this unassuming piece of singing, dancing and acting has not left us with a single moment of uninvolvement. Somehow, in a wizardly but forgotten way, the intensity emanating from the stage has engaged every bit of our attention, ourselves, our ability to focus on the sounds, the gestures, the mere presence of five performers, one piano player,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a meager jazz combo in the background. This is why *Ain't Misbehavin'* is something more than a routine musical, though—as with everything that is simple and modest but nonetheless impressive—it is difficult to explain why it is so. Why does a spectacle devoid of plot, dialogue, structured scenes, or dramatic tension, make us wait for what follows with that inner anticipation which signifies continuous enmeshment? Curiosity of both mind and emotion is constantly present, and what reaches us from the stage makes us thirsty for more. Good, even breathtaking singing and dancing is not a satisfactory explanation: Broadway is, and always has been, replete with breathtaking singing and dancing. So what's so extraordinary? We do not know exactly, but we know that extraordinariness is in the air. Even more seems to be in the air, namely—the making of history.

It's the history of the breakthrough of cultural patterns. Those patterns, or styles, have intricately blended and textured many diverse ingredients of our cultural past. Perhaps what mesmerizes the audience in the Longacre Theatre is the transmutation of those patterns into a specific reality, so distinctively flavored that it inhabits the border territory between actual existence and existence as it is told by art, in this case—by popular art. *Ain't Misbehavin'* is a show structured on the music of Thomas "Fats" Waller, and on songs written by others through which he conveys his message of the urban night music of the '20s and '30s. He was one of the greatest exponents of the "stride" piano playing—a jazz style developed in the northeast, mostly in New York, based on ragtime: its high priest was James P. Johnson, whose most talented disciple proved to be Waller. But *Ain't Misbehavin',* as it now presents Waller's achievement, genre, special brand of musical burlesque and showmanship, transcends any stylistic archetype, even the classic jazz personality, even Waller as an entertainment legend. It's easy to call it pure delight, but it is much more. Waller's buzzing bonhomie becomes suddenly a facade behind which lurks something much more substantial. One asks oneself: How could one fat and jolly man so encapsulate his epoch by means of deceptive, quasi-folksy clownishness? His choice of lyrics for his songs, and his use of other people's creativity, is another reason for marveling. Immersing ourselves in *Ain't Misbehavin'* gives us an instant grasp of the essence of Harlem Renaissance, the explosion of Black cultural motifs in the '20s. Waller shows us how sophistication was the name of the game; how great cultural models of our time were extracted from triviality; how overweight performers who, at first sight, seemed hardly fit for tender ironies, ultimately became their invaluable transmitters; how grief and sadness, joy and passion, moods and impulses were transformed into inflections, gestures and facial expressions which found a place among America's visual and sound symbols. All these were almost invented there in Harlem, by the countless Wallers of that era, and from there marched on to determine the pedestrian delights of a progressing century. To anyone in the Longacre Theatre who listens to:

> "What did I do
> to feel so black and blue . . ."

it becomes clear that a few lines like these mean more than the entire Black Panther Party rhetoric. And that gift of influencing preferences, art trends, and sentimental attitudes can, more than anything else, give American Blacks confidence in the future. (ES) □

The American Scene

Ethics & Public Policy

This is a subject which emerges often in conversations in somehow less formal wording, and as a matter of fact, is on everybody's mind. Therefore, it is a propitious circumstance that an institution exists in Washington, D.C. which accepts this conjunction of words and notions in its name, and elaborates on them in a straightforward and open manner. It is the Ethics and Public Policy Center, and it is headed by an articulate and energetic political scientist, Dr. Ernest W. Lefever. Among Dr. Lefever's many other assignments was his twelve-year senior fellowship at the Brookings Institution. Thus, what many in Washington know, but consider unbecoming for public disclosure—for example, the relevance of moral ideas to politics—Professor Lefever and his staff analyze, describe and publish. We hope his work will prosper.

The China Love Story

Perhaps it was the *Upanishads* which said: If you have two mortal enemies who become the mortal enemies of each other—your heart should rejoice and you should thank Providence, for each of them can become your invaluable friend—at least for a certain time. It may not be the *Upanishads,* rather the *Vedas, I Ching,* the *Koran,* the *Bible,* or even just the *Chronicles of Culture;* what counts is that, even unanointed by an undisputed authority, it is a simple and obvious wisdom. This is why we have glimpsed with astonishment all those liberal pundits and sterling professors from the Ivy League who, in richly endowed quarterlies, whined that the avowed conflict between Russia and China would be to the utter detriment of America. Nixon and Kissinger correctly stuck to the *Bhagavad-Gita;* they wanted to give China all the support necessary to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

counterbalance Russia and thereby act with a general sense of the nature of things. President Carter took over their ideas and, characteristically, has botched everything.

Supporting the weaker and less oppressive in the conflict between two of our foes is pragmatic, commonsensical and is called *Realpolitik* in the lingo of political scientists. A century ago, it meant foreign policies with an adherence to the most practical solutions, to winning and gaining at any price, to shedding sentimentalities and moral principles in the name of an absolutized national interest. In these terms, President Carter's heinous, brutal, frantic and feckless betrayal of Taiwan, America's faithful ally and friend during the last thirty years, makes sense. However, the concept of *Realpolitik* changes, as does everything else. We live in an epoch of public relations ethics, mass media methodology, Madison Avenue mystique. Image, once an insignificant variable, immaterial as opposed to gunboat diplomacy, army divisions, or the Panzerfaust of the Hohenzollerns and Hitlers, became in our day the supreme and *real* power. It might be that a skillfully structured image is more practical and pragmatically counts more in the international arena than both rockets and economic factors: a proper image may mean winning. During the '70s America has consistently acquired the image of a champion of abandonment policy. Vietnam, Angola, Carter's blundering vacillation about South Korea, the creeping defection of Israel—all have shaped America's image as a neurotic, shifty, underhanded and specious ally. If this is *Realpolitik* in the '70s, then God help us and our pragmatism.

Liberals of the Frank Church—Abner Mikva type have hailed Carter's version of diplomatic practicality as coming back to grips with reality in Asia: Taiwan, they claim, was a deceptive, surreal construct of the paranoia of American reactionary policies based on the contrivance that mainland China does not exist. Theirs is the classic liberal mendacity: no one ever claimed that mainland China did not exist—we just did not like the fact of its existence, its rabid hostility toward us, its tyrannical and murderous sociopolitical system. But if communist China, with its political terror and economic misery, exists, so does anticommunist Taiwan, where 15 million Chinese have demonstrated, for more than a quarter of a century, how political freedom and capitalism could create a stable, prosperous and equitable society. In a world where 16 million East Germans constitute, according to the Mikvas and Churches, a legitimate *other* and perfectly *real* Germany, it's hard to understand why the Republic of China in Taiwan should be considered a figment of our dreams. The only reason for this state of things is that the communists—in Russia, China, or elsewhere—want it this way. It's enough for the Churches, Mikvas and Carters to see a victory in meekly yielding to their demands.

The 1978 Midterm Election, or the Tale of the Broken Watch

The last midterm election, which returned to power the Jerry Browns and the Abner Mikvas of this land, will go down in history as a surrealistic political event. In the pre-election campaign, the liberal Democrats, who gave America the scourge of inflation, asked the voters to be regarded as the only ones who could stem and harness it. Occasionally, they have brazenly lied—no novelty in politics—presenting themselves as thrifty folk unjustly accused of being big spenders. But most often, they have tried to convince the electorate that only those who ruined a wristwatch are capable of repairing it. Which runs against the reason and experience of even a 12-year-old. However, Abner Mikva, the most insolent of the Pied Pipers, has won. Which tells us nothing new about Mikva, and everything about his electorate.

Bishop Berkeley Sends His Best . . .

> "Our problem with the Soviet Union is largely a problem in our heads . . ."

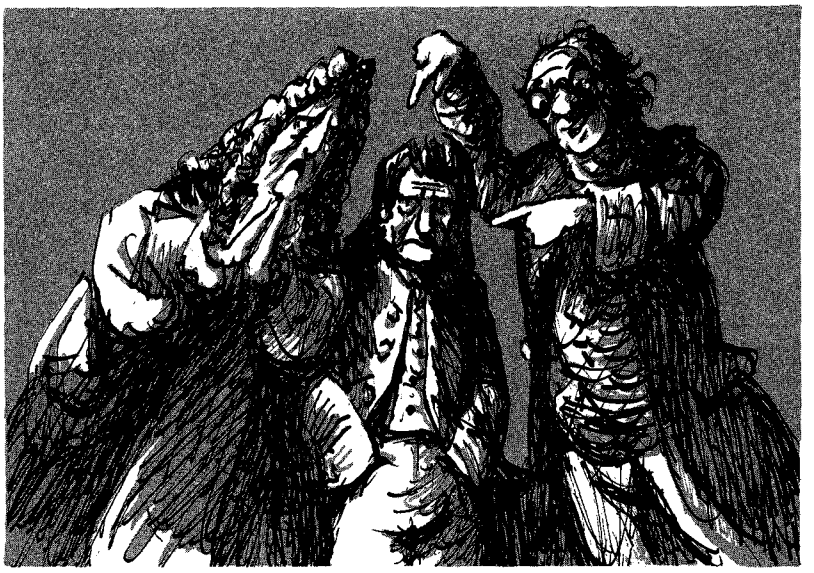
This we could read in *The New Yorker,* of late. We never nursed any illusions about that journal's liberal fixation; we nursed a hope, however, that in our world, epistemological idealism has the standing of snuff, which, in Bishop Berkeley's time, was still considered medicine, but today can hardly aspire to that.

The essay in question, entitled "Reflections—the Soviet Myth," makes a point that whatever Soviet Russia is, we can do nothing about it, whether it is a menace or not, because: 1) we are too weak; 2) we are too strong, which would make our doing something rather unbecoming; and 3) primarily because it's not worth our effort.

If what is visible to anyone with an unprejudiced, naked space satellite eye does not convince *The New Yorker* and its thinkers about the reality of Russian tanks and submarines in the most unexpected parts of the globe, let's try a speculative approach. The Western powers were mightily conned by Stalin in Yalta and later in Potsdam; Roosevelt and Churchill were already aware of how viciously Stalin had twisted the agreement on Eastern Europe, where nonhostile regimes were promised to Russia by the treaties. This accord has been brutally eradicated, and local communists were installed by means of mayhem and subjugation. But our statesmen felt sure, and comforted themselves with the idea that the new geopolitical concept of spheres of influence, hideous as it was, was firmly established, would be honored and would last. Roosevelt and Churchill gave the Russians *carte blanche* to do what they wanted, but the deal was that they wouldn't encroach on the West and everybody would live happily ever after—the Russians with their political enclaves, the Westerners with their socioeconomic problems. Now, 33 years

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In earlier epochs, a critic tormented only the writers...



Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—
though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—
the cant of criticism is the most tormenting. Laurence Sterne

In ours, he torments everybody.

Regardless of what we wish to know or ignore, we live with cultural events and their consequences.

These events reappear at our dinner tables either directly in conversations, or through opinions, poses and manners that our family and friends adopt under the pressures of the communications industry.

We agree with Laurence Sterne's warning. We believe that the modern media and their cultural reach transform the critic into a midwife of mass consciousness.

What the American reader finds in the *New York Review of Books, Esquire, Chicago Tribune, Ladies Home Journal,* and the majority of publications is criticism which keeps track of cultural phenomena from an eclectic, elitist and morally uncommitted point of view.

What are we striving for?

CHRONICLES OF CULTURE wants to present the thoughtful reader with another perspective—namely how books, movies, musical trends, their meaning and success, affect his life, his personal preferences, and his sense of social order.

In its criticism, CHRONICLES OF CULTURE measures cultural events against value-oriented criteria. We feel there is a need for a counterpoise to those who judge cultural offerings without any thought to the impact of messages liberated from any codes of morals and rationality.

How are we different?

—If you are not persuaded by the sheer charm of storytelling that John Irving's *The World According to Garp* represents the real world—

—If you believe that Tom Wicker's ". . . searching assessment of the present state of journalism" is nothing other than a liberal's evasion of the serious question of the relationship between the press and society—

—And if you are not seduced (like *Time* was) into accepting John Kenneth Galbraith's spurious ideas on the strength of his "combination of wit and seriousness"—

then the CHRONICLES OF CULTURE will open for you fairer vistas.

Would you like to learn more?

Why not become acquainted with some ideas and writing that you won't find in the *New York Times, Atlantic Monthly, Playboy, Time,* and read some people who view Galbraith's, Wicker's, and Irving's "wisdom" and "charm" with skepticism. A year's trial of the CHRONICLES OF CULTURE costs $15.00 and brings with it the Rockford College Institute's two other periodicals, THE ROCKFORD PAPERS and PERSUASION AT WORK, as well as the occasional publications.

Just mail in the card facing this page and treat yourself to a publication that suspects today's sophistication is tomorrow's rubbish.

For Immediate Service
Call: 815-226-4016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

later, all *The New Yorker's* ideologists have to do is to look at the map to discover that the spheres of influence have turned into a pure Bishop Berkeley construct, and a new, hard reality. And we do not only have in mind the outright conquests through arms or subversion in the Western hemisphere, Africa and Asia; we are thinking also of what happened to the balance of internal power in Western Europe after all the money and help which was given to the Communist Parties in Italy, France, Iceland, Greece and Portugal.

In one of its recent "Notes and Comments," in which the editorial opinion is expressed, *The New Yorker* expostulated on the heedlessness of Russians in Africa: the tone was that of friendly warning and advice to learn a lesson from the sickening American debacle in Vietnam—the best example of a base imperialistic intent justly punished by history. Once again, Bishop Berkeley at his best (or worst?). *The New Yorker's* subtle theorists will never learn that wherever the Russians enter by force of arms, they stay—even if they have to murder the entire population. The examples of China, Ghana, Egypt or Somalia are naive: the Russians were never there except in the capacity of advisors; they did not have a chance to install their armored divisions, not to mention their political police, to effectively deal with a deviation. Once in, with all the gadgetry of communist military and political power, they won't fret about possible My Lai's: the Cubans trained in henchmanship in the MVD Siberian camps will take care of Angolans, Mozambiquans and Ethiopians who attempt to play the same games that the Vietnamese played with General Westmoreland. "In our present day world, people are taking over their own countries," asserts *The New Yorker,* as if inebriated with inane Berkeleyan idealism. *The New Yorker* sages should tell this political "truth" to the Hungarians, Czechs, Lithuanians, etc., but from a safe distance: the latters' response could teach them that it is not the proximity of power (by which the liberal foreign policy pundits explain the bizarre discrepancy that the imperialist adverturism of the Soviets could succeed in Eastern Europe, but will fail in Africa), but the ruthlessness of power which decides the conquests. And this is the only reason behind our own Vietnam lesson. (CC)

Clockwork Orange Is Here

A reality, both frightening and grotesque, is described in a book on New York public secondary schools by a certain Roland W. Betts, entitled *Acting Out: Coping With Big City Schools.* Mr. Betts cites games of collective masturbation in restrooms which are openly publicized like basketball tournaments, or describes fourteen-year-old girls being ostracized by the school community if they still preserve their virginity.

> "In junior high schools the most difficult aspect of sex for the uninitiated is the openness with which most supposedly private phenomena are approached. Acts of affection usually reserved for the living-room couch, a bedroom, or at least the backseat of a Rambler are now performed routinely in crowded school corridors."

Mr. Betts refrains from judging this reality, surrealistic and horrendous at the same time. His prose, investigative as it is, carries a smirky innuendo of a dispassionate observer who is above outrage. He seems not to understand that his attitude, which is based on the incapacity to formulate an ardent condemnation, is the source of the problem. He is not alone in his refusal to trace the evil to its roots. President Carter, who socializes with pornographer Andy Warhol, the *New York Times,* which defends Larry Flynt's right to inject sexual dementia into the American social fabric, *Vogue* magazine, which has made frontal nudity chic, *Time,* which prostrates itself before every book extolling "Anything goes," Rupert Murdoch, who gratuitously advertises "Plato's Retreat" in the features of his *Village Voice*—they are all with him.

More Politics

Mark Twain considered the politician the worst scum of the earth, whose only talent was the capacity to swindle and only morality greed. And it was the American politician, the practitioner of the most gloriously designed political system in history, who he had in mind.

We always liked Twain's proclivity to hyperbole, but regarded his feelings with amused reservations. As if there was not enough proof that he was rather reticent in his judgment, in Illinois we now see how moderate Twain's beliefs were. Three weeks after the electoral campaign—during which the candidates and incumbents all swore that they were against inflationary spending, and for the relief of the overburdened taxpayer—the Illinois legislators voted a pay raise for themselves. Inflation presently runs at a 7% to 10% rate, the most aggressive tax cuts proposed never exceeded 33%, while the "responsible lawmakers" bestowed upon themselves a 40% pay hike. It will cost the martyred Illinois taxpayer well over $8 million.

The common cant, with which they now try to justify their rape of the public trust, is that they would do much better in private professions than in the civil service. But three weeks ago, fully informed about how much they were going to be paid, they all wanted to cut the throats of their competitors for the job. Their triumph made them, in their minds, best suited to represent the people of Illinois. Which amounts to the mere fact that the Illinois people should feel comfortable with crooks making laws for them. What can we call people who needed but three weeks not only to renege on their own pledge, but also to do just the contrary: instead of cutting the budget, to instantly increase it? Tricksters or traitors?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Voice We Respect

It is that of Irving Howe, a distinguished Professor of English at the City University of New York, editor of *Dissent,* one of the most respectable social-democrats to walk the streets of Manhattan. Dr. Howe, liberal as he is, has never hesitated to speak out against the Liberal Culture, as if he were aware of the discrepancy between his ideological heritage and what has been spawned in its name.

Some time ago, Irving Howe published, in *The New Republic,* a resounding attack on the conservative mood of the country. He once again showed an understanding that what the victorious liberal ethos has implanted in (or imposed upon) this country, its social arrangements and its way of life, has not always worked to the country's advantage, or simply has not worked at all. Nevertheless, he reinstated his faith in liberal reformism, reaffirmed his long-held conviction that capitalism is no good (though it has some limited and redeeming usefulness), while bureaucracy is not a socialist or welfarist disease but can be found in capitalist corporations. He even fought for the appropriation of the "sense of tradition," which he claims is more at home with the liberals than with the conservatives —an honorable attempt to cling to a value that conservatives would be happy to share with anybody.

What he is most adamant about is the assumption that capitalism is a precondition of freedom, or even more—democracy. In his words:

> "It is clear that capitalism does not require, nor necessarily encourage, democracy. Elements of the German bourgeoisie helped Hitler come to power; German capitalism continued to thrive once the Nazis destroyed democracy . . . German capitalism managed to live through the Hohenzollern monarchy, the Weimar republic, the Nazi years, and the Bonn republic. Nor have capitalist societies and their ruling classes shown any notable reluctance to have democracy destroyed in Italy, Japan, Argentina, Brazil or other countries. Where capitalism and democracy do manage to coexist, there are other causal factors at work, such as high level of prosperity, an educated public, a national tradition, a vital liberalism. But capitalism can get along very well without democracy."

This thrust has been recently repeated in an article on Max Eastman, in the *New York Review of Books:*

> ". . . as we now have occasion to note again, that capitalism in various countries has managed very well without democracy, even conniving in its destruction, that in welfare and semi-socialist societies democracy has not only not suffered damage but has flourished, and that any effort to establish a one-to-one correlation between political 'superstructure' and socio-economic 'base' is ill-conceived . . ."

Well, we are unconvinced. German wealth, dating from the Middle Ages, did not come directly from capitalism, but rather from the combination of feudal agglomeration of latifundia and the economic power of craftsmen guilds; this is the reason why the German version of capitalistic industry has always been susceptible to nondemocratic alliances. American capitalism grew together with America and is inherent in the country's very beginnings. Liberty and capitalism here have been woven into a common fabric. Their interdependence, which determines the patterns of survival of both, makes for the most advanced concept of both capitalism and freedom. Perhaps capitalism can survive without democracy—although we do not know what Hitler would have done to capitalism and capitalists had he won the war—but we have a gnawing feeling that democracy would hardly remain a democracy if capitalism were liquidated. Mr. Howe adds in *The New Republic:*

> "In countries with more ambitious and comprehensive welfare states than we have in America—Sweden, Holland, Denmark, England, Israel —there has been no concurrent erosion of political freedoms."

Is that so? We know little about Scandinavia, or Holland, but we know that in Israel, at the time of Ben Gurion's labor union statehood, there were some infringements upon the orderly democratic decision-making process. But England—that cradle of parliamentarian democracy—is a far better case. Together with the growing omnipotence of the radicalized Trade Unions, and the invincibility of the Labor Party, came the nationalization of economic sectors previously held by capitalism. Bizarre "democratic" events took place during the '70s: mail was not delivered to firms whose policies displeased the union stewards, newspapers could not be printed because their editorial content did not find approval among unionized printers with pro-communist sympathies. The venerable London *Times* had to suspend publication because of the "democratic" labor's demands. We could read about all that in the American liberal press, which still enjoys the conjunction between capitalism and democracy. □

Journalism

Personal Press (Continued)

Every major change in the patterns of human thinking is preceded by dynamic pamphleteering. Since Gutenberg, it has been the best way to challenge the omnipotent establishments of power and faith. The Renaissance, the Reformation, the antifeudal sedition of minds and the American Revolution—all started with an avalanche of independent thinking printed on leaflets. Often in history, the pamphleteer has proven himself to be the vestal guardian of reason and independence of mind, banned from the official shrines of free-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dom, whose high priests preach liberty of opinion but live by intolerance and suppression of views. Thus, we rejoiced when reading the most recent offering from New York City. It is entitled the *Cultural Watchdog Newsletter,* with a subtitle: "Reviewing the Reviewers." It is published by an energetic gentleman by the name of Louis Ehrenkrantz, who is a radio personality, a man of letters and a stockbroker. "The concept that ideas should be tested by examining their relationship to the truth rather than to fashionable trends is not an easy one to accept," writes Mr. Ehrenkrantz, and we cannot agree more. The *Cultural Watchdog* tries to find some hope in a jungle of amplified nonsense and sifts through the plethora of technologically fabricated culture—thanks to technology, everything can be cheaply printed nowadays. Mr. Ehrenkrantz seems to be a devotee of the traditional —which does not mean outmoded—rationalism, and brings back into focus better times, when liberalism, reason and decency were still interconnected. □

Time's Dementia Sensationalis

There's a school of thinking which can be termed "The Dirty Underwear Causality," which explains anything by principles of sexual physiology. Its entire dialectic can be summed up in the terrorist commandment: "Thou better believe it, unless thou are a poor sucker who knows nothing of what life is really about!" Of late, even respected organs of the American press intensely promote this disgusting pub sagacity in their pages. *Time* seems to be among the chief exponents of the trend.

In a feature entitled "Football as Erotic Ritual—Are the Guys on the Gridiron Really Gay?" *Time* reports (with a sort of contained reverence) on the findings of an anthropologist from California who claims that "football is a homosexual ceremony." As proof, the scientist cites the usage of words like "score," "down," "piling on," "popping" a player, which he claims have been adopted by athletes from the homoerotic vocabulary of the homosexuals. Anyone with a minimum of good sense would observe that exactly the opposite is true, and that erotic slang, both homo- and heterosexual has, since the beginning of athletics, converted the sport nomenclatures and imageries into sexual metaphors. But the "scholar" appears to be undaunted by the obvious and concludes: "Football is a ritualized form of homosexual rape. The winners feminize the losers by getting into their end zone." If, instead of anthropology, he focused on history, he would be claiming that "Down with the king!" called not for revolution but for some homosexual delight.

Thus, the question is: Why does *Time* prominently publicize and advertise such absurd rubbish? Why do its editors judge it worth presenting to their readers? Is there an immense contempt for the readership, or some murky, inexplicable compulsion to promote vicious idiocy? What is *Time* waging the fight against: America's common sense? The public's preference for normalcy as an acknowledged value? And who has commissioned *Time,* its editors and writers, to fight this battle? □

Gannett News Service's Pearls of Wisdom

In a super-laudatory book review entitled: "How to Survive Being a Mistress," the Gannett News Service makes the entire world aware of an epochal discovery:

> "According to Sands (the authoress of a fascinating study: *The Mistress' Survival Manual)* sexual liberation created a climate that is conducive to affairs and the accessibility of divorce and the failure of numerous marriages gives hopes to the mistress whose lover is presently married to another woman." □

Parade's Moral Taste

"Walter Scott," the modern Sunday conscience of America, answers a concerned reader in *Parade:*

> "Q. If Howard Baker wins a third term as U.S. Senator from Tennessee, will he run for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1980? Since his wife was an alcoholic the way Joan Kennedy was an alcoholic, will that impede his chances?—J.D.L., Madisonville, Tenn.
>
> A. Baker is the most popular politician in Tennessee at this time. He will surely win a third term in the U.S. Senate and will be considered a potential Presidential candidate by his party. Since his wife Joy has conquered her affinity for alcohol—as have Joan Kennedy and Betty Ford—she has proved that she is a lady of character and determination, capable of fulfilling her duties."

Now, according to *Parade's* marching band ethics, character and determination in women, and their capability of fulfilling duties, would seem to be connected to alcoholism. In simpler terms: one proves the value of one's personality through overcoming one's impulses and weaknesses. A paperback manicheism, to be sure, but of a peculiarly low-brow stamp—not before "Walter Scott" has explained the *reasons* which led the above-mentioned ladies to boozing, can we accord their recovery a redeeming value. If not, where do we find words to describe the worth of women who do not drink themselves into hebetude, even when faced by concrete and serious adversities?

Another gem from the *Sunday Newspaper Magazine's* "Walter Scott":

> "Q. Can you tell me how many women special agents there are in the FBI and whether the late J. Edgar Hoover was a homosexual who disliked women? — E. L., Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A. At this writing, there are 96 female special agents in the FBI. J. Edgar Hoover never married, rarely escorted women to social functions. There is no evidence, however, that he was a homosexual. He seemed to prefer the company of his assistant, Clyde Tolson, and it is probable he was a sexual neuter."

What precision! What tasteful elegance! □

Liberal Culture

The Libcultural Madness

As a rule, it begins with marxism, a so-called sensitivity to the needs of the downtrodden and the abomination of injustice. Then comes an injection of the supernatural, personal charisma, mysticism, vulgarized religiosity, or just a mere trampling of all criteria of reason. It ends with concentration camps, massacres, or, this time, with a mass suicide which can also be termed murder—minds dwarfed by charlatans do not make choices about the bodies they inhabit. That is why the movements of the left have, in our epoch, become the worst dispensers of evil and oppression; we should never forget that nazism was conceptually as much a phenomenon of the social left as bolshevism. From our historical perspective, a moral difference would be hard to trace.

Thus, once again, a marxist rhetoric, filtered through the American era of permissive thinking and richly sprinkled with cheap ecstasies, has produced a tragedy. Promiscuity with shoddy ideas and an endless gush of the noun "people," repeated in a trance and devoid of any coherence, has in our time become the liberal sacred cow: the liberal media and liberal politicians are all eager to instantly endorse the brew as a love potion. Synanon thrived on "contributions from wealthy liberal givers," according to the *Chicago Tribune,* which, considering its own liberal sympathies, should be well-informed. Equally valid testimony is that of the *Village Voice,* the organ of the New York upper-class left, when writing about "Reverend" Jones' Peoples Temple that it "attracted the enthusiasm of white liberals and the Left." Somehow, in the Liberal Culture's America, the enslavement of minds and bedlam jibe, and the intoxication of human primates with left-radical Pentecostalism is all right with statesmen like Vice President Mondale, whose liberalism does not require any faithfulness to rationalism—as Voltaire or Stuart Mill would have required from their fellow liberals. Compassion for the needy seems to be his only rational requirement. Once someone declares that he's full of commiseration for the people, sensitive to the *cause* and *progress,* neither Mondale, nor the *New York Times,* nor *Newsweek,* nor the San Francisco City Council ask him what he means by all these words and notions. He's declared *good,* and everybody is surprised, even shocked, when fraud, abuses of body and soul, financial dirt, and other calamities surface, when the subsequent killing occurs. San Francisco, once upon a time the Athens of the West, is so contaminated with irrational *dégringolade* that no sensible word can be expected from there, but we could have heard something relevant from Califano, or *Time,* or the Schlesinger & Galbraith Liberal P. R. Inc., or from any other liberal institution. We did not. The only weighty remark of the liberal establishment concerning their involvement would be that of Mrs. Rosalynn Carter, who has labeled the news that she once had a dinner with "Reverend" Jones a grave distortion of truth. "It was just a snack," she asserted firmly.

Post Scriptum

As Mr. Daniel Schorr, of the Get CIA racket, has recently revealed, Representative Leo Ryan (D., California) was his "leak" on the American intelligence operations in Angola, in 1975. Everything falls neatly into place. The liberal *La Ronde* is thriving. The liberal merry-go-round jettisons some dead bodies, by sheer centrifugal force, but the rock jingles about *People* will cheer up the revelers.

"Life Is The Urge To Ecstasy"

The above quotation is an advertising punch line for:

> *"The Enlightenment of the Whole Body* by Bubba Free John
> Offers Western man, for the first time, a thoroughly rational, scientific, and challenging view of the special evolutionary Purpose of the human Spiritual Master and reveals the ultimate Destiny of Man, which is literal transcendence of body and mind in Divine Ecstasy. Bubba Free John is an Enlightened Teacher. His insight is based on his experience, understanding and transcendence of all that human beings can see, feel and be.
>
> *Love of the Two-Armed Form*
> Bubba Free John's extraordinary description of the relationship of sexual intimacy, including physical love, to Spiritual transformation.
>
> Available at leading bookstores, or direct from the publisher."

Why *The New Yorker,* which considers itself the oasis of enlightened liberalism and liberal sophistication, prints such ultimate garbage of mind and conmanship is understandable: it's an ad and it brings in money to *The New Yorker.* Why Mr. Bubba picks *The New Yorker* as a forum for advertising his product is a much more complicated question. Apparently, he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

believes that *The New Yorker's* readers are his best potential clientele. Which confirms our suspicion about the linkage between the Liberal Culture and all the "Reverend" Jim Joneses of this country.

New York's *Literary Criticism*

New York Magazine, the rosary of libcultists, on *Dirty Work: the CIA in Western Europe,* the latest *oeuvre* of Mr. Philip Agee, an admirer of the communist world enterprise:

> "This is not to say, however, that *Dirty Work* is not an interesting and informative book. It is likely to become an invaluable aid to students of the intelligence community, here and abroad."

Exactly. Some of Mr. Agee's previous work has proven an invaluable aid for those who wished to kill Americans abroad.

What Happened to Personal Cleanliness Among College Students

Dr. Mortimer Adler, the renowned philosopher and a man of wholesome skepticism, asks in *Newsweek* what has happened to culture as a mode of civilized conduct that encompasses things from politeness to washing one's clothes and oneself. He complains that colleges today are not interested in transmitting culture, but rather in eliminating whatever habits of civilized behavior embattled parents have succeeded in conveying during the initial part of their offsprings' lives. It's enough to visit a dormitory at even the most prestigious college to notice that the sanitary conditions of a flophouse, by contrast, seem like a remote ideal of winsome and salubrious tidiness.

We can tell Professor Adler what happened to the culture of cleanliness and civility. It became a victim of ideas, disseminated in a quasi-totalitarian manner by the very colleges which today worry about rat-infested dorm rooms. When in the sixties philosophers and theorists of "liberation" began to preach their gospel of jettisoning the refinements of civilization, it was obvious that the environmental and corporal sense of order had to go first—as was demonstrated by Columbia University in 1968. Next to go were—and still are, in the minds of the liberal sages—all the extensions of civilized living, such as freedom, tolerance, respect for others and democracy. At the time, some people tried to combat the trend, recognizing that we would lose Western civilization altogether if crudity became fashion. We do not remember Professor Adler among them then. It *has* become fashion. Some dorms look like dumps and threaten health conditions. The only hope is the knowledge that fashion changes, and the time may come when youth will rediscover the charms of Fred Astaire's nattiness as well as the simple truth that sensitivity and comity make life better for everybody—a truly democratic ideal.

Smart!

The *Village Voice,* the New York radical canard, exhorts its readers to be thankful on Thanksgiving Day, for, among other gifts of the libcultural cornucopia:

> "Be thankful that, although you opposed the Vietnam War, you didn't support the Communist Parties of Southeast Asia . . ."

One can only hear the roaring guffaw in the politbureaus in Hanoi and Phnom Penh. □

Polemics & Exchanges

On *The Psychological Society* —An Encore

by Tom Bethell

The Psychological Society that Martin Gross has elucidated so thoroughly consists of two broad groups: those unfortunate people who really do suffer from serious mental illness, such as schizophrenia or endogenous depression; and the mildly neurotic or the temporarily unhappy, who probably include at one time or another, most of the population above a certain income level: that is to say, people with sufficient freedom and leisure to ask themselves whether they really are as happy as the Declaration of Independence suggests they have the right to be. (The answer is always no, of course).

The point about the first group is that no amount of lying on the couch and talking about it is going to do any good at all; while for the second group, in the great majority of cases there is nothing wrong at all that time alone won't cure, and so for this group, too, lying on the couch and talking about it is equally a waste of time.

This leaves us with a great deal of unnecessary psychoanalyzing. Gross' book is thus a fierce indictment of psychotherapy, particularly therapy of the Freudian variety. I think that such an indictment is long overdue, and Gross has done an excellent job of it, compiling an enormous amount of data from the professional journals in recent years, and presenting the results in clear, readable English.

The results are devastating, I feel. Six million Americans annually receive psychotherapy in hospitals or clinics.

Mr. Bethell is Washington correspondent for Harper's *and the* American Spectator.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But, Gross reports, therapists who have themselves undergone therapy are subsequently less effective at "curing" patients. Controlled studies show that groups of patients kept on "waiting lists" to see psychiatrists get better in the same proportion as those who arrive in time to tell their troubles. This is hardly encouraging, suggesting strongly that time heals psychic wounds regardless of the psychiatric couch. Psychiatrists (whose suicide rate is seven times the rate of the general population) like their patients not to be too sick, the profile of their ideal patient being that of "an unusually productive and creative person," Gross says. He alludes to the YAVIS syndrome: psychiatrists like patients who are young, attractive, verbal, intelligent and successful. "One suspects," writes Gross, "that psychiatry may be a cultural, symbolic ritual of the newly sophisticated middle and upper classes, for whom it is a mystical corroboration that one is indeed a Yavis." Amen to that.

Gross reserves his heaviest fire for Freudian psychoanalysis, quoting Hobart Mowrer, former president of the American Psychological Association as saying that "there is not a shred of evidence that psychoanalyzed individuals benefit from the experience," and Dr. Hans J. Eysenck as saying, more disturbingly: "Few patients are warned before undergoing analysis that not only is there no evidence that it will improve their status, but there is evidence that it may actually make them worse." Other studies quoted by Gross have shown that a patient is just as likely to be "cured" by an untrained layman as by a psychoanalyst.

I believe, then, that it is high time to say about Dr. Freud just how much fraud can be found in his theories. I am not interested in how "sincere" he may have been. Folly is not exonerated by sincerity, any more than evil. It does no good to claim that Adolf Eichmann believed in what he did. Ditto the Viennese "authority" whose tales of the unconscious, the id, the Oedipus Complex, and so on, amount to the most successful imposition of charlatanry in the past hundred years of Western civilization—perhaps ever. Charlatans have always abounded, of course, in the territory occupied by Doctor Feelgood, and there are quite a number of them practicing today (dissected by Gross in a chapter entitled "The New Messiahs"), but none has achieved the quite astonishing degree of acceptance of Freud—his writings, for example, published by the *Encyclopedia Britannica's Great Books.*

Empirically, as Eysenck says, the evidence against Freud is devastating, while theoretically the Freudian mumbo jumbo can lay no greater claim to being scientific than can the incantations of African witch doctors. All "insights" by analysts are protected from the risk of falsification by the saving clause of "reaction formation." If the patient agrees with the insight, the insight is correct. If he doesn't, then he is exhibiting "reaction formation," which also proves that the analyst is right. As Karl Popper points out, this protection from falsification excludes Freudian theory from the realm of the scientific, although for some reason psychoanalysis still has a vaguely scientific ring to it.

Gross suggests at one point that Freud's influence may be increasing, but I am not so sure I agree here. When I was at Oxford 16 years ago he was regarded as a joke by both psychology and philosophy departments (I majored in psychology and philosophy). Today, I would imagine that his star has fallen even further. I don't think that many people really believe in the Freudian thaumaturgy any more, even though millions do go to "shrinks." Gross does point out that patients undergoing Freudian analysis "are surprisingly few in number: currently only 30,000 patients in the United States, perhaps 40,000 world wide." (But they do represent, Gross adds, "a cross section of the upper echelon neurotic population of the Psychological Society.")

Most people, I feel sure, go to see a "shrink" for a few heart-to-heart talks because their husbands/wives/boyfriends/girlfriends have left them, and there are very few patients with the illusion that their personalities are being remade. Probably not much harm is done or money wasted even if Blue Cross insurance is paying the bill, as is the case with government employees in Washington. The psychiatrist has usurped the role of the priest for the upper middle class. This is one of the fundamental clichés of our times, but it is true all the same.

Of course, one can't afford to become too complacent about the abundant psychiatrizing of our day. As the example of Washington amply demonstrates, there are plenty of people in our society who are eager to make voluntary actions compulsory, and the mental health establishment, I am sure, is no different. In 1977, the President's Commission on Mental Health warned "that up to 32 million Americans are in need of professional psychiatric help." The egregious Rosalynn Carter is pushing hard for an expanded state "mental health" apparatus. Stay out of her way if you see her coming down the street. Someone should point out to her—as I am sure no one has—that the KGB regards Soviet dissidents as having mental health problems, too.

As for the millions who are unnecessarily a part of the Psychological Society, one has little sympathy for them. Over the centuries, men have always devised elaborate ways of conjuring money out of the pockets of the gullible, and our age is no different; indeed, there are more of the gullible than ever, as G. K. Chesterton foresaw, when he remarked that "a man who ceases to believe in God doesn't believe in nothing; he believes in anything." If Freud ever read those true words, how he must have smiled to himself!

Go out and buy Martin Gross' book. It is packed with useful information and it deserves to be read as widely as possible. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rockford College Institute
Rockford College
5050 East State Street
Rockford, Illinois 61101

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED